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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The second reading of the Declaration Bill was carried by an overwhelming majority—426 to 84. Seldom has there been a more miserably weak opposition both in argument and numbers. The division settles the fate of the old Declaration; that is gone, which is something at any rate to be thankful for. But we are not so sure that Mr. Asquith's second thought is an improvement on his first. Mr. Asquith has become the most compliant and obliging man in the world. When he makes a proposal, it can always be altered or changed at desire. By the new form a Sovereign merely asserts his Protestantism; that he is not in communion with the Church of Rome. As this secures the political point, and the change forestalls certain opposition, Mr. Asquith's complacency was venial. But we should have liked better a form by which the King would declare himself a Christian. Mr. Asquith's first draft did this; his second might be made by any agnostic.

But, of course, in these matters we must take into account popular interpretation, which is nearly always strictly wrong. The multitude take "Protestant" to mean some religious belief, whereas it means only a disbelief—disbelief in Roman doctrines. But the whole Declaration business is a concession to popular illusion. The Protestant succession is absolutely secured by Act of Parliament; the Declaration can add nothing to this security. If the Sovereign is an honest man, it is superfluous; if dishonest, it is futile. But the people do not think so, for they do not understand, and nothing is gained by wounding their consciences. Nor is it only the multitude that does not understand; many members of Parliament are in the same case. A speech could hardly contain more hopeless ignorance than Mr. Steel-Maitland's, for instance; and he is reputed intellectual.

Whipt by Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Keir Hardie withdrew his words about the Queen-Mother on Thursday. But it is not easy to get at the exact words which he spouted about the King in a speech last Sunday. To judge by the "Times" report, he merely said that people were lunatics who wished to have a king at all, and there followed some of the sentimental gush he is fond of. But it is clear he really spouted worse stuff than this, and a member is determined to bring the matter home. The "Standard" gives part of a sentence from the speech, "Let the Sovereign be informed that if he does not care for the job at the price offered", etc. We wonder what the Chester-le-Street police were doing; they have duties at public meetings besides that of keeping order for the speaker. Any spouter who insults the King should be promptly run in.

If such evil revolutionary counsel is allowable, the law should be strengthened and enforced at once. Besides, it is grossly unfair that Irish Nationalist M.P.s should be punished for speeches far less dangerous than those of English revolutionists who incite the people to insult the Sovereign or who advise them to take up arms—or "broken bottles", which in the hands of a mob would be quite as dangerous. How strange a thing our customs must seem to the foreigner—we let a man go scot free who insults the Sovereign or suggests revolution to the crowd; we often put him into gaol if he wires a sixpenny rabbit!

Now is Lord Denman avenged on the House of Lords—or is the House of Lords avenged on Lord Denman? We are not sure which. In the Budget debate Lord Denman poured scorn and ridicule on a House of musty old gentlemen—he would have none, or scarcely any of them. But on Wednesday a certain Lord Cowdray took the oath and his seat in the House of Lords. Into the very, very old bottles of Cowdray has been poured the new, new wine of Sir Weetman Pearson. It's a way they have in the Radical party.

We have nothing to say against Sir Weetman Pearson being made a peer. He is an upright and a kind man; he has been wonderfully successful in busi-

ness; he has a passion for buying up land. He might hearken to the old Tory prayer, no doubt, and "leave us still our old nobility"; but he would not be for leaving our old nobility its family estates. A few Lord Cowdrays marching together might reach clean across England. The ranks of the radical feudalists are growing, and perhaps it is not a bad thing they are. A few more Lady Wimbornes and Lord Cowdrays, and the "Daily News" will not venture to snarl about the landed interest. We congratulate Lord Cowdray—and congratulate his son-in-law Lord Denman.

Sir J. H. Dalziel and other Scottish Radicals must have been thanking God this week for the House of Lords. Lord Pentland was brought to book by the Lords on Wednesday just as he was by the Commons last week. Radical Commoners and Tory Peers, oddly enough, seem agreed and precise in their case against the Secretary for Scotland. Now that compromise and constitutional peace and brotherhood are so much in the air it seems a pity Lord Pentland cannot be sacrificed to promote harmony. We like the idea of Lord Pentland being put on a pyre kindled by Lord Lansdowne, Sir J. H. Dalziel, and Lord Camperdown.

Many of the Lords wanted a religious census, but would not vote for it. They knew the Commons would reject their amendment, and decided that the way to avoid defeat was to avoid a battle. The wheel has come full circle. One of the reasons given by the Commons for refusing to consider the Lords' amendment was that not enough lords had voted for it. The House of Lords should not divide with half an eye to what the Commons will say about them afterwards. They are not there to study the Commons, but to study their own opinions; and beyond that their duty lies not to the Commons, but to the country.

If all the Lords who wanted the religious census had followed Lord Lansdowne's advice, and had refused to vote at all, no amendment would have been made, and the Commons would not have been compelled to reject it. It is quite an advantage to have driven the Non-conformists to do this solemnly and deliberately. As Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out, yet again they have been forced to confess that they dare not face the result of the religious census in Wales. Their numbers will not stand it. Their strongest argument for disestablishing the Church has been taken from them. Solemnly rejecting the Lords' motion for a census, they have solemnly confessed how sure they are it would not be to their advantage.

Mr. Montagu is son of Lord Swaythling, a great Liberal financier. It is this that brought him the post of Under-Secretary of State for India. Ability in a man in this country comes out surely and very quickly if he has great influence or a great name, comes out quicker than genius itself where genius has no aid of the kind. Hence everyone is now praising the speech Mr. Montagu made in the House on the Indian Budget this week, and in truth it was a strong and able performance. Mr. Montagu is to be reckoned a new personal force in politics: he looks like being a good deal more than one of those lesser pillars of the Government at which Disraeli levelled a shaft of ridicule.

An ambitious man in the position of Mr. Montagu, given health and industry and strong will, can hardly be kept from success in politics. He will of course find competitors among his own class, but it is a strictly limited competition. It may remind one of certain departments in the Civil Service to-day or in the old Civil Service where there were perhaps forty or fifty men in for a few vacancies. Now the clever ambitious man outside the ring, without any money or without family name and influence, is exposed to unlimited competition. This man, when he succeeds, is doubtless, as a rule, a stronger performer than the other. But only very rarely, of course, does he succeed; the odds against him

are too great altogether. That is why in party politics, as in other branches of English life, one often finds brilliant men soured and in the end wasted.

Indian finance is weak, as are other branches of the administration. In the late years of surplus, valuable revenues were abandoned, and now the lean year has come. There must be new taxation to meet an expected deficit. Of the articles now selected the import duties on tobacco and spirits were not very strongly opposed. They fall chiefly on the Europeans and their communities. But the duties on petroleum and bar silver were opposed by the elected Indian members. They urged instead an import duty on sugar and an export duty on jute, and the balance of argument was really on their side. But the scheme had already been decided by the Secretary of State. The sugar tax would have helped the Indian producer and refiner. It was rejected because it looked like Protection. So does the petroleum duty; but this benefits the shareholders of the Burma Oil Company, which supplies about 44 per cent. of the total consumption—duty free. The call for a countervailing duty will be difficult to resist.

The opium revenue has once again helped the Budget out. This item may have to go, and the Indian members were inclined to complain that India will owe this loss to her connexion with English policy. They more than hinted that the fresh taxation imposed to replace it will be a cause of yet more discontent. The wirepullers of the sedition party will see to this; and they will not be deterred from exploiting the grievance even though it be the action of China which eventually closes this source of income—if closed it is—whatever Great Britain may do. On one point at least the financial policy was sound. Tampering with the currency reserve is to cease and the fund is to be raised to a point which will avoid the danger which recently threatened the system.

Free Traders will not, of course, allow a tax to be put on the people's food to give a preference to the colonies. But suppose they are asked to give a preference, not by putting taxes on, but by taking taxes off. Mr. Hope came forward on Monday with a motion for the reduction of the duty on tea. Tea is the people's food as well as bread. It is quite wrong to look upon it as a luxury of the poor man, for the poor man looks upon it as a necessity. Mr. Hope was proposing to reduce a tax levied upon what is in a very real sense the people's food—a tax which all Free Traders profess to abhor. He wanted to make the duty a penny a pound less on tea grown within the Empire, leaving the duty on all other tea as it now is. But this was preference. Preference is worse than taxes on the people's food. Rather than have preference let the people pay.

For this, of course, is a tax that the people must pay—every penny of it. They must also pay every penny of the tax on tobacco. Mr. Hobhouse was asked to explain on Tuesday how it was that the people's Budget required the poor man to pay 100 per cent. on his tobacco, when the rich man paid only 1 per cent. on his cigars. Mr. Hobhouse seemed surprised by the question. What is this talk of rich man and poor man? If Tariff Reformers are right, the foreigner pays. Really, this was a most disgraceful quibble. Mr. Hobhouse knows very well that half the Tariff Reformers' case is that Free Trade finance is taxing the wrong things in the wrong way. If you tax a thing you cannot produce, the consumer pays. If you tax anything out of all proportion to its cost price, the consumer pays. No Tariff Reformer that knows what he is talking about has ever suggested that the foreigner paid our Free Trade taxes on tea and tobacco and cocoa and coffee and currants.

A batch of Canadian farmers has protested against the Canadian tariffs, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has pointed to Britain's trade policy as a "shining example to the

world". We all knew that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was a Free Trade man at heart—also that his imperialism was suspect. He is always ready to praise the trade policy of Britain, and to work so far as he dare towards a similar policy in Canada. The fact that he does not often show his countrymen too clearly what he is proves, if proof were needed, that the majority of Canadians believe as strongly in their tariff as ever they did. There is, of course, a Free Trade party in Canada. That, also, we knew. Therefore we cannot quite understand the fussy delight shown this week by certain Free Trade politicians and newspapers. Apparently they have just discovered that these things are.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier may believe in us. Count Komura does not. "As Great Britain has what is called a Free Trade policy there is no room for a convention with that country." Could anything be more contemptuous? Japan has drawn up a new tariff which, put into operation, will virtually kill the trade that has grown between us. This tariff will only be relaxed by "conventions"—by treaties of give and take on both sides. Unilateral treaties—where one party gives and the other takes—are not to be considered. As Britain has nothing to give, Japan will give nothing in return. Never has the case for the tariff as a means of bargain been so clearly put. Mr. Buxton in the House of Commons on Tuesday told us that the Government has the matter seriously in hand. Probably some more "earnest representations"!

Another procession of suffragettes! Women when they blunder, blunder from too much logic. One procession is a good thing—a popular success. Therefore two processions will be twice as good. A procession once in a way is certainly a good "draw". A procession that slavishly repeats itself within a fortnight is not so good. In fact it is a nuisance. It amuses nobody and impresses nobody. It clogs the road and gives the police a great deal of extra work. The crowd on Saturday was most of it policemen who came to guard the procession from cabs and motor-buses, and to see it safely to the Park. When it reached the Park—or, rather, when they reached the Park; for there were two of them—there were forty platforms, but not enough people to go round.

Women can organise a procession; but they cannot walk in one. These displays must have convinced all who needed convincing that the woman who stays at home chooses the better part. Some were brazen, most were sheepish—all (except the Amazons) were unhappy. The show looked what it was—a rather brutal form of martyrdom imposed on a few weak women by still fewer of the more determined. Some tried to walk in time to the band; others affected to walk out of time. The performance was ludicrous, but it was also pitiful. The four or five men who walked with the women had some reason to look sheepish; but, in comparison, they bore themselves with conspicuous gallantry. Not only are the majority of women in the country against woman suffrage. The majority of those in the movement itself are in their hearts opposed. But these sheep have determined shepherds.

The Rochette affair is quite alive. This week M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police, was examined before the Parliamentary Committee, as we should say. M. Lépine did not in any way deny the anxiety of his department to get M. Rochette prosecuted, nor even that he was willing to make use of a private prosecutor on slight and hardly legal evidence. M. Lépine attempts no extenuation, his defence being, the public weal is the supreme law. But M. Jaurès, the chairman, was not much concerned with M. Lépine's methods. His object was to make M. Lépine admit that M. Clemenceau was the instigator of all he did. But M. Lépine would admit no difference between M. Clemenceau's action and that of all the other Ministers he

had served under. Meantime a French Court has condemned M. Rochette. This will help the Government, though quite irrelevant, strictly, to the whole "affaire".

Señor Maura, the Spanish Conservative leader and ex-Premier, had a very narrow escape. His would-be assassin fired three shots at him at close range; yet he was not even wounded seriously. It would have been a very grave loss for Spain if Señor Maura had been shot. Even his enemies, who are far from few, admit his patriotism according to his lights, his courage and his resolution. Señor Maura, right or wrong, is a strong man, and Spain wants strong men before anything else. This attempt on his life has brought together all parties in its condemnation. It was a mere youth, of course, some sort of Anarchist, who attacked him. These dangerous weaklings are a curse to any country.

Members of Parliament in Turkey who have a grievance take to conspiracy. It is the only way. The plot of Dr. Riza has failed, it seems, for want of bravos to do the assassinations; but there are Turkish thinkers who put his case rather well. In a constitutional state, they say, men must agitate. A Turk is not allowed to agitate in a legal way. He may not, for instance, print or say what he likes. Conspiracy, therefore, is one of the rights of man.

Jurists have told us that a nation punishes its criminals for the same reason that Admiral Byng was shot—to encourage the others. We do not punish them, they say, because we feel vindictive, or, like the Hebrews, because we want compensation. But there was no getting over everybody's satisfaction on hearing that Dr. Crippen was nearly caught. The mildest man in the street had an indecently obvious pleasure in the news. Archaic law did not disguise that punishment had in it the element of vengeance. In some ancient codes we read that if a man is caught two days after the deed, he loses, say, his head. If he is caught ten days after the deed, he loses his left leg. The idea is that if the community catches him when its blood is up, he will get it hotter than if the blood of the community has had time to cool. We have outgrown this simple logic; but we have not outgrown the feeling that lay behind it.

The public is always thrilled by a chase after a criminal. The public is a very large and very noisy bloodhound, only not half so clever. It bays loudly enough; but generally on a false scent, more often warning the criminal than really frightening him. The feeling of the public for the criminal at large is friendly only inside a theatre, where it leaves most of its real feelings behind it. Since Mr. du Maurier became a burglar, he has been the most desperately popular man in London. The detectives who hound him down are not at all liked. Probably he will have to be a burglar for the rest of his days. But perhaps the public is right. The criminal of the West End stage is a sentimental and brainless person. He could never commit a real crime.

On the strength—or rather the weakness—of the evidence brought against George Archer-Shee, it would be utterly impossible to get any jury to condemn him. Small wonder the Admiralty withdrew all charges and vindicated the cadet. Reading the evidence in this strange case, one is certainly not impressed by the authorities at the Royal Naval College or at the Admiralty. Between them they have made a terrible muddle. Let us hope they understand the art of naval warfare better than the art of justice, in which they seem to be quite curiously incompetent.

Quite apart from the question of the personal and family reputation involved in the Naval Cadet case, it raised points of very great interest and importance to all who have sons they wish to go into the Navy. For the first time the courts had to decide what is



the real status of boys serving at the Osborne Naval College. If the parents do in fact enter into an agreement with the Crown which would be an actual contract if made with a subject, the Crown will sub-suit, in old law language, *que droit soit fait al partie* who brings his petition. He will get damages for the breach, or, what may be more important, he may have such an opportunity of being heard on some matter of character and reputation as Mr. Archer-Shee obtained for his son by the decision of the Court of Appeal.

It would have been most unsatisfactory if the trial that has been ordered to take place before Mr. Justice Phillimore had not been permitted. Mr. Justice Ridley was applied to by the Solicitor-General on behalf of the Crown to dismiss the action which was down before that judge. He contended there was no legal right to object to the dismissal of a cadet, a cadet being in the service of the Crown as an officer of the Army or Navy is. But as this was a *petitio principii*, the question was begged, since it is just the point whether a cadet is in fact an officer that has never been determined. If a cadet accused is in fact innocent, can he be dismissed. This is precisely what we wanted to find out; but obviously from the commonsense point of view it ought to be first known whether the accusation made is true or untrue. The Court of Appeal fortunately held that this is also the proper legal course.

From the discussion at the British Medical Association it seems there is some danger even in the use of the simple, but rather unpleasant, sour-milk treatment. It is just as well to know this, because lactic acid and lactic milk and lactic cheese are being bandied about freely; and very soon we may expect a craze. Everybody will be dosing himself or herself with sour milk in some form or other for almost every ill, real or imaginary. Dr. Grünbaum, who opened the discussion, said he had never seen a case where sour milk did harm. But according to Dr. Bryce it may bring on rheumatism; and another doctor, speaking generally, said in some instances it had done more harm than good. The danger will be, we fancy, in people doctoring themselves; the remedy is so familiar and simple; and the result will be excess, always dangerous in anything. It may be nasty, but people soon acquire tastes; and the safe rule is for the sour-milk treatment to be in the hands of the expert.

Dr. Richter, the archaeologist, tells us this week a wonderful story from Cyprus. With Dr. Koritzky, he claims to have discovered the most ancient shrine of the Paphian Aphrodite. It opens like a fairly tale. "One day a shepherd was sitting on one of the ancient stone-fields of Rantidi". The shepherd scratched one of the stones with his stick, and saw some strange characters. The stone was taken in a bullock-cart from god-father to god-father, till at last it came to Mr. Cleanthis Pierides, who knew a Cyprian Syllabary inscription when he saw one. Since then the diggers of Rantidi have been doing business with these stones, smuggling them out of the country to evade the strict Cyprian law of antiquities, and carefully defacing them to conceal their origin from the authorities. Dr. Richter did well not to appear hereafter.

There are not more than five hundred of these Syllabary inscriptions extant. Now Dr. Richter promises a glut of them—thousands. Not a stone of Rantidi, he concludes, is newer than the fourth century B.C. Here, then, is the most ancient shrine of the Paphian Aphrodite, destroyed by earthquake about that date. The discoverers seem sure of their find—incredible as it at first sight appears. "We wandered through three of these accumulations of stones, which cover an area of a quarter or half a mile each way. We became at least as excited as if we had each drunk a whole bottle of *Veuve Clicquot*".

#### THE DECLARATION DEBATE.

THE most fervent admirers of our party system must admit that parliamentary debates gain much by a suspension of its rigour. We have already had one example this session of the truth of this proposition in the debate on women's suffrage; and the debate on the second reading of the Declaration Bill gave us another. Only those spoke who had something to say, and they said it as shortly and clearly as they could. The speeches in consequence gained enormously in persuasiveness, and one is not surprised to hear that one of them, that from Mr. Balfour, actually affected the votes of some who took part in the division. Mr. Balfour's speech was indeed an excellent piece of parliamentary dialectics. To his question, How does the proposed change in the Declaration weaken the safeguards of the Protestant succession? no answer was given in the debate because no answer could be given. By the Bill of Rights, by the Act of Settlement, by the Act of Union with Scotland, elaborate statutory provision is made that the King must be in communion with the Church of England, that he must be a Protestant, and, above all things, that he must not be a papist or married to a papist. If at any time he should fail to fulfil these conditions the throne is declared vacant, his subjects are released from their allegiance, and the next in succession who is a Protestant becomes sovereign in his place as though he were "naturally dead". Nothing is omitted which can strengthen the defences against the occupation of the throne by a Roman Catholic. The prohibition is as clear as words can make it, and a breach of it involves the deposition of the offender. The Prime Minister was perfectly justified in pointing out that for a breach of the obligation to make the Accession Declaration no penalty is provided, and in arguing as he did that the Declaration added nothing to the statutory safeguard against a Roman Catholic king. The argument nevertheless was, in our judgment, more ingenious than cogent. We are confident that the Protestant succession is perfectly secure; but its security rests not on any statutory enactments but on the determination of the people of this country. Rightly or wrongly, they are resolved not to allow another Roman Catholic to be King of Great Britain. As long as that resolution continues the British king will be a Protestant irrespective of the statute law, and if at any time a change of popular opinion on this subject should take place, the statutory safeguards would be instantly brushed aside.

This is in truth the cardinal fact of the situation and explains legal anomalies otherwise incomprehensible. Why, for instance, may every State official in this country except the King and the Lord Chancellor be a Roman Catholic? The answer certainly is not that religious considerations are more important in each of those two offices than in any others. It is said that the Chancellor is the Keeper of the King's Conscience. But the phrase has no real meaning at the present day. The Minister responsible, so far as any Minister is responsible, for the exercise of the royal charity and the royal clemency is not the Lord Chancellor but the Home Secretary, who both can be and has been a Roman Catholic. True, the Lord Chancellor has at his disposal a certain amount of ecclesiastical patronage. But it is of much less importance than that in the hands of the Prime Minister. The point may be pressed even further. We are assuredly not of those who hold that the King is a merely ornamental part of the Constitution. On the contrary, his powers, both direct and indirect, are very considerable. But it would be absurd to say that under normal conditions the Prime Minister was not a more powerful official than the King. Yet as far as the law is concerned there is nothing to require the Prime Minister to be a Protestant. In practice he always is a Protestant because public opinion so requires. And the real reason why no Roman Catholic could be king of this country is precisely the same.

All this reasoning does not lead to the conclusion that it would be desirable to repeal the statutes securing the Protestant succession to the Crown. On the contrary, we hold that such a repeal would be in the



highest degree undesirable. Statutes have two chief functions. In the first place they have a coercive effect. They lay down certain rules and provide appropriate penalties for the breach of those rules. How far those penalties are in fact enforceable depends, particularly in cases such as we are considering, on the condition of public feeling. Besides their coercive operation statutes are declaratory of the opinions and intentions of the British people. To us this seems by far the most important aspect of the statutes providing for the Protestant succession to the Crown. Not only is a warning thereby conveyed to all and sundry that no Roman Catholic can aspire to the throne, but the existence of this solemn declaration of national opinion crystallises and confirms that opinion itself.

It was on some such ground as this that Mr. Birrell, in a brilliant speech, though perhaps it was a little marred by a few characteristic lapses from perfectly good taste, defended the retention of the Declaration. In his view a solemn pronouncement on an occasion attracting the attention of the whole Empire and indeed of the whole world that ours is a Protestant State ruled by a Protestant Sovereign is useful and important. This is by far the best defence of the Declaration that has yet been made, and justifies, if justification were needed, the proposed change from a negative to a positive form of words. It is something to make an impressive national profession of Protestantism, especially if that word is understood in the sense in which it was used by the great Jacobean and Caroline divines. To put into the mouth of the King a national denunciation in undignified and intemperate language of certain selected doctrines cherished by some millions of his subjects is both futile and uncharitable. The occasion is not one for saying what we are not but what we are. For this reason we do not admire very greatly the new words proposed by the Government, and adopted by the House of Commons. They are too indefinite for the purpose. The phrase "a faithful Protestant" may, as it seems to us, mean almost anything. It has a kind of undenominational flavour about it which is exceedingly unattractive. The original words which made the King declare that he belonged to the "Protestant Reformed Church as established by law in England" were not very happily chosen, but at any rate conveyed with sufficient clearness the fact that the King was a member of the Church of England as, according to the Prime Minister, he is required to be by other enactments. However, a politician has to consider not only what is right but what is possible, and if the phrase "a faithful Protestant" satisfies the malcontents on his own side, it was, we suppose, inevitable that the Prime Minister should adopt it. It is in any case of such importance to get rid of the existing Declaration that we would gladly accept words even less satisfactory than the most recent version proposed by the Government, and we rejoice that, in spite of well-organised electoral pressure, not more than eighty-four members were found to oppose the Second Reading of a Bill recommended by every consideration of common sense and Christian charity. Captain Craig's amendment in Committee to retain the present declaration in slightly modified language obtained still less support. Even so, we are convinced that the unintelligent bigotry of the Orange Extremists is over-represented in the House of Commons.

#### THE POLITICAL APATHY.

THAT was a good quotation of Mr. Birrell from "Coningsby" about the importance of events, the least of which is far more than the most comprehensive and subtle speculation. The death of King Edward has had a most profound and unexpected effect upon the political situation. The public is very quick nowadays to read between the lines; and the sad, but indisputable, fact that King Edward was worried to death by the bitter wrangling of parties has created a feeling of disgust, not untinged with remorse, in the breast of the average Briton. The general feeling is very well portrayed by the cartoon in "Punch", repre-

senting two parrots sulking on their perches because they can no longer scream and bite. There was much truth in Burke's observation that at bottom the British are a good-humoured people. They are perfectly willing to play heartily at politics so long as no one is badly hurt in the scrimmage. But the King's death set a good many men on thinking who were quite unaccustomed to the process. After all, the ordinary elector begins to ask himself, what do I or the country really gain by all this Lloyd Georgian blackguardism? The King has gone, and the House of Lords, which has lasted for six centuries, is threatened with extinction. Whose fire burns the brighter for that? The rich people, by whose wants or whims I make my living, are worried and teased to disclose their most intimate domestic secrets by insolent officials, in order that their taxes may be doubled. Who is the richer for that? On the contrary, the rich are shutting up their houses and spending the money at Homburg and Aix or the Italian lakes. The London shopkeeper, in particular, is being abandoned to the custom of the lower-class American or German, and he does not like it. The sale by the Duke of Bedford of all his Lincolnshire and Devonshire farms is another fact which has sunk deep into the consciousness of the ordinary man. In short, there is a convergence of influences tending to produce an almost universal distaste for the fierce and factitious feuds of the politician, which is a wholesome sign that the British nation is still sound at the core. The Kelts and their European counterpart, the Slavs, can never have too much of politics,

"Their breath is agitation, and their life  
A storm whereon they ride".

But, thank Heaven, the British nation is not like that. We are not born agitators, but magistrates, lawyers, sailors, farmers and tradesmen. Politics are well enough: but of all carnal things there is satiety: and the main purpose of our external life is the minding of our business. If we add that the level of parliamentary eloquence has never sunk so low, and that in the place of statesmen and orators we have very few to listen to but debaters and coarse-grained rhetoricians, it is not difficult to understand why the average elector is in the mood to cry, "A plague on both your Houses!"

That this is the national mood at present nobody will be found to deny. The only questions are, Will it last? and, Should the Conservative party seek to disturb it, or let it alone? It is likely that the present political apathy will last, at all events, until after the Coronation next June; and we are inclined to think it is not the business, still less the interest, of the Conservative party to interfere with it. Every proletariat loves gorgeous spectacles: and the masses are looking forward to the Coronation with placid expectancy. Nothing would be more universally unpopular than a General Election before the Coronation. Except the printers, the newspapers, and the bill-stickers, nobody makes anything out of the huge sums that are spent at an election; while a great many heads of families have, much against the grain, to spend something. People like to spend money over a show like the Coronation: and they do not want these tiresome politicians to come worrying just as they are getting ready for a national picnic. It is needless to say that the Cabinet Ministers themselves, but more particularly their wives and daughters, wish to be in office at the Coronation. The best places at the processions and banquets, and participation in the shower of stars and titles that accompanies the crowning of a king, are not advantages to be despised. A Conservative may say: This is all right from the Radical point of view; but what will be best for the Conservative party? Should our leaders force a dissolution at the beginning of the new year? First of all we may observe that if Mr. Asquith and his colleagues do not want a General Election in January or February—and later in the year it could not possibly be—a General Election there will not be. Nothing would be easier than to spin out the present negotiations about the House of Lords till next session, when it would be physically impossible to consult the constituencies. It is true that the Unionists, by coalescing with the Irish Nationalists and the Labour

party, might make it so uncomfortable for the Government that they would prefer resignation. But, in our judgment, the Conservative party would commit an error of tactics if they joined for a moment the revolutionary party in forcing the Government to a premature appeal to the country. The quiescent mood is essentially Conservative, and the Unionists would have to bear the odium of plunging an unwilling constituency into an election. Besides, on what issue would an immediate election be made? On the House of Lords, and none other, obviously. It is impossible that the Conservative party can take the democratic side on this question. Maybe the present Cabinet contains enough sane, or at least serious, statesmen to admit of a reasonable agreement. The matter really lies in the hands of the Prime Minister. If Mr. Asquith believes, as we think he does, in the necessity of a strong Second Chamber, then it is certain that for the next decade, at all events, the question will be settled by a patching of the Constitution. But if the Prime Minister allows himself to be persuaded by Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill into taking an extreme line, then it may become the duty of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne to oppose the Government plan by every means in their power, and, in the last resort, to force a dissolution. But it is a consummation not to be wished for, but, if possible, to be averted. There is no profit in living in a fool's paradise. The House of Lords has many enemies amongst the masses, who are seriously infected with a passionate hatred of the advantages of birth, and an equally passionate desire for the equality of the French Revolution. We hope therefore that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne will accept a reasonable arrangement, if the Conference can come to one, rather than throw the Lords into the cauldron. Perhaps the House of Lords might give up the power of rejecting money bills in exchange for the power of amending them, coupled with the right to demand a conference of the two Houses in case their amendments were rejected. The real function of the House of Lords is to produce delay, to give time to arouse public opinion. For without public opinion the House of Lords can do nothing: with public opinion at their back the House of Lords can do anything. The delay produced by the amendment of the Finance Bill and a joint conference to consider the amendments ought to be time enough to arouse public opinion for or against the proposed taxes. But the Radical proposals for dealing with the functions and composition of the House of Lords would have to be even exceptionally unjust and stupid to justify the Unionist leaders in electing to fight on ground obviously unfavourable to themselves.

#### DEMOCRACY AND THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

INDIAN affairs should be kept outside the House of Commons, and every Budget debate shows this more clearly. There are more parties or groups than there were, and the newest of them would use India in the parliamentary game. Moreover, such discussions may lead the home authorities to supplant or override the Government in India, not merely on large questions of principle, but even in administrative details. The danger has always been recognised. So sound a Liberal as Lord Northbrook resigned the Governor-Generalship as a last protest against such interference. His firmness had a good effect. There has not, since then, been much reason to complain of encroachment on the independence of the Viceroy and his Council till philosophical radicalism came into the India Office. Under its influence the movement has gained force. The Indian Secretary in 1907 saw the danger. He was alarmed at the possible consequences and warned democrats in the House that they must be content to know little and say less. In that way only, he held, could personal government such as India requires be duly upheld. It was good advice, but it was not taken. In the last Parliament a group of irreconcilables was always ready to talk about India. How much this misguided activity has done to foment and sustain seditious agitation in India is now common

knowledge. Not only was the advice of the Indian Secretary in 1907 ignored by others, but he has not acted on it himself. Later on it became plain that the personal government in the new dispensation was to mean government by one person, and that one the Secretary of State himself—the representative of the democratic party and its official exponent. By degrees this form of popular control has come to usurp the place of the responsible rule set up in India for carrying on the administration. We have the Under-Secretary describing the functions of the Secretary of State as if there were no such thing as a governing body outside the India Office. These new ideas are superseding a system which left full play to the most vital of all forces—the power of personal influence and example by the officials in direct touch with the native communities. No one has explained more clearly than Lord Morley the danger of weakening those forces. In his speech on the Councils Bill in the House of Lords he was challenged on the point, and vigorously disclaimed any mistrust of the Indian Government and any intention of superseding it. True, he modified this disclaimer by explaining that he had on the whole given the Indian Government “all the support it had any right to ask for”. Apparently this limitation still holds, and the right is what Lord Morley defines it.

Unfortunately it is not always possible to bring Lord Morley's professions into harmony with his acts—or the acts of the Government which he inspires. Time and again, for instance, he has declared in the clearest language the primary and imperative duty of maintaining order, punishing outrage, and repressing the teachers of sedition. So far as words go, he has recognised the imminent danger of practices which end in assassination and anarchy. Yet the measures necessary to effect these purposes have been inadequate, spasmodic, or too long deferred. So little is the position understood that the latest instructions to the local authorities are to search out the disaffected and convert them to loyalty by moral suasion, economic arguments, and a suave manner. These amiable methods might be effective with the vestry of an English parish. But it is inconceivable that any administrator of Indian experience could have made such a proposition at such a time. It was against the wish of the Indian Government, perhaps even of his own Council, that the Secretary of State deprived provincial Governments of the official majority in their assemblies and has taken steps to destroy the distinctively British character of the supreme executives. The natural results of the transfer of authority from the centre to the circumference are written large on the history of the last few years. Sedition is chronic. The British Government is openly denounced. Rebellion by organised assassination and armed force or in the insidious form of general conspiracy is advocated. The result is outrages and murders which have already cost many valuable lives. There is a growing feeling of insecurity which shows itself, among other ways, in the depreciation of Indian securities and the reluctance of capital to seek such investment. In spite of the optimism of the Under-Secretary this state of affairs still exists. In his effort to explain away the seditious agitation under the name of unrest and minimise its aims, he appeared at times to offer apology or even extenuation. This is not a practical way to deal with a very dangerous movement. Up to the present this has been the work of a comparatively small and isolated group, which is all the more reason for prompt and vigorous action. In an Oriental people some sudden and unreasoning impulse may in a moment convert even a harmless movement into a dangerous one. While these imperative reasons exist to strengthen and support “the men on the spot”, the opposite of this is being done. The tendency of the new policy is to weaken power just where it should be strongest.

Lord Morley has made forcible appeals to the Services, recognising that he must carry them with him. As a matter of course they have loyally and vigorously given themselves to establish the new dispensation. But it would be rash to say that they have no mistrust of the



policy. They know, if he does not, that the local ruler—the head of a province or of a district—cannot divest himself of his functions without diminishing his power and prestige. That power and prestige is to the people the measure of the strength and stability of British rule. The masses know nothing of a Secretary of State or a parliamentary party. They know little even of a Viceroy and his Council. These are shadowy powers existing somewhere as the successor of the impersonal Company which used to fill the background. It is from the men with whom they are in direct contact that their impressions are formed. Lord Curzon the other day found it desirable to declare that the Civil Service, so long as they do their best, ought to be able to feel that they will not “be thrown to the wolves”. It is for the Secretary of State to maintain that confidence. To supersede the entire Services and ignore the commercial experts of Indian experience in order to hoist somebody’s private secretary into the Viceroy’s Council is not the way to do it.

The altered conditions under democratic control have raised the question whether the Indian Administration should not be more largely left with the House of Commons. The answer must be the same. Though the policy may be dictated and the measures directed from the India Office, the necessity for keeping both outside the range of party warfare is greater than ever it was, as is shown by some of the speeches this week. As for the Budget, there is another reason. It has been thoroughly and ably discussed by a Parliament in Calcutta. If the reasons for making that Assembly what it is are sound and the hopes of those who framed it are realised, as we trust they will be, it is the tribunal most concerned and best qualified to decide the financial issues for the best interests of India. So far its members have on the whole justified the trust put in them.

#### JAPANESE COMMERCIAL HOSTILITY.

THE Japanese treaty of 1894 was followed by the Japanese treaty of 1905. The first treaty gave Great Britain valuable tariff concessions, for which the treaty of alliance in 1905 was the price paid by Lord Lansdowne. We had nothing to give but our friendship, which our ally has been able to turn to good account in the London money market. Japan now withdraws what she gave us in 1894. The revision of the tariff was undertaken, and extensive changes have been introduced which will have the effect of destroying a large part of our trade with that country. Notice has been given of Japan’s intention to end the old treaty, which will determine next July. With it will pass our right under that treaty to claim most-favoured-nation treatment for British commerce, and we shall receive worst-favoured treatment instead. Japan may ultimately give us most-favoured-nation treatment as an act of grace. But this is not very probable. The language of her statesmen does not point that way. Count Komura told the Tariff Law Committee last January, according to the official translation of his speech supplied to the Tariff Commission, that “as Great Britain is pursuing what is called a Free Trade policy, there is no room for a convention with that country”. We overlook the somewhat contemptuous reference to Britain’s fiscal policy, and note that Japan dismisses the question of a convention on grounds which at any rate presented no bar in 1894. Moreover, Count Komura explained that it was the intention of Japan in the coming treaty revision to arrange reciprocal and not unilateral treaties. Concessions will be exchanged for concessions, much being given to the country from whom much is received. Great Britain, “pursuing what is called a Free Trade policy”, can give nothing, and is not entitled therefore to receive anything. Germany, France, Belgium, the United States may obtain concessions, because it is in their power, through their tariffs, to penalise as well as to favour Japanese goods. Great Britain alone, though her trade is much larger than any other country’s, can do neither the one nor the other.

The memorandum issued a few days ago by the Tariff Commission is a fairly complete analysis of the situation. The average increase of duties is about 66 per cent. of the present rates on that class of goods which we send, and only about 42 per cent. on goods from other countries. It is estimated that the immediate effect of this measure will be the exclusion of about £1,000,000 of goods at present obtained from Great Britain, out of a total of less than £2,000,000 from all countries. This is a moderate estimate; merchants engaged in exporting Lancashire and Yorkshire goods calculate that not more than one-fourth of the present trade will remain under the new tariff. However the figures be examined, and making every allowance for exaggeration by traders, there is no doubt that British trade will suffer, absolutely and proportionately, more than the trade of any other country. It is, of course, well known that Japan is modelling herself on her ally and aspires to develop in her own country the staple industries of Great Britain. This desire accounts, perhaps, for the extraordinary increases Japan proposes to make in the tariff on goods imported entirely or mainly from this country. For example, on grey shirtings it is proposed to increase the duty by 150 to 500 per cent.; the imports in 1909 amounted to £567,000—all British. Two-thirds of the imports of woollen cloths and serges, valued at £600,000, come from Great Britain; on these the increase in duties ranges from 100 to 500 per cent. Similarly on ingot steel and galvanised sheets, representing a total trade of £945,000—mainly British—the duty is to be increased by 500 per cent. in the first case and 170 per cent. in the second. We believe there is no precedent in the history of any country for tariff changes so large as this being introduced at a single revision. All nations appear to have held themselves bound by the principle of international law stated by Phillimore—that the violent, sudden and unnotified withdrawal of a right which foreigners have been accustomed to enjoy is an international offence. The principle can easily be carried too far, but it seems to imply that the vested interests of foreign nations must be respected, and tariff changes should not be so violent as to cause serious damage to the industries of a friendly nation.

It may be said that comparison of the new tariff with the present one on British goods is not fair to Japan. The suggestion appears to be that Japan is entitled to end the treaty of 1894 at her pleasure. Having given notice that this treaty would determine next year, British goods would no longer be entitled to conventional rates but to the statutory rates composing the present general tariff. The rates which will be levied on British goods should be compared, it is urged, not with the present conventional rates but with the statutory rates. This is, of course, absurd. For sixteen years British trade has enjoyed under treaty special tariff rates, and under its influence a large trade has been developed with that country. Capital has been invested in British industries, men have been trained, shipping facilities have been developed to cater for this business. The Tariff Commission very properly point out that for British traders “the only effective comparison is between the rates now in force and those likely to come into operation under the new scheme”. The result of this comparison is contained in the guarded statement of Mr. Buxton that “the Board of Trade are fully alive to the detrimental effect likely to be produced on British trade with Japan by the new Japanese tariff in its present form”. If they are “fully alive” to this fact, it is because they have been quickened by the representations of Chambers of Commerce, trade associations, and private traders without number. But what prospect is there that the “present form” will be altered? Count Komura’s statement directly precludes us from effective representations, Japan being powerless to reduce any of the statutory rates except in return for equivalent tariff concessions. The “present form” might be altered by tariff conventions with other foreign nations, but British goods cannot enjoy those reductions except on the basis of a



most-favoured-nation treaty. In no case are we likely to get those concessions we need most and which can only be secured by direct negotiations.

#### MR. CHURCHILL'S PRISON PROPOSALS.

**B**EGINNING perhaps from the well-meant endeavours of Pope Clement XI. in the eighteenth century, there was a period when people believed that shutting men and women up in solitary cells would somehow reform them, although one would scarcely think that it required the eloquence of Dickens or the accuracy of Reade to refute a notion so silly and monstrous. More than a hundred years have gone by since then; we know better now. The Home Secretary speaks of a man's first term of imprisonment as a shocking event. It is, for it seems like the beginning of the end. Dealing with thousands who in the last few years have come through penal servitude, we find that, out of every four, three have returned again under fresh sentences.

To keep people out of prison as far as possible is the wise aim of Mr. Churchill's plans. He wishes to secure the general operation of the Probation of Offenders Act, which up to now has been employed somewhat capriciously. The tens of thousands who go to prison every year in default of payment are to have longer time allowed them to meet their fines. An effort is to be made to save those under twenty-one from being sent to prison at all for minor offences, such as football in the street (what of the so-called open spaces after the work hours?), lamp-glass breaking, bad language, and sleeping out. No boy, says Mr. Churchill, ought to go to prison unless he is incorrigible or has committed some serious offence. By no means the same thing. It is proposed to punish mild hooliganism by means of some sort of defaulters' drill, though how this is to be imposed upon the five thousand boys who will be eligible for this discipline has not yet been fully explained. No youth (but why only youth?), he continues, ought to receive a sentence which was not definitely of a curative and educative character and which should never be merely a punitive sentence. No youth ought to be committed to, and thus familiarised with, prison for any term under one month. These proposals, if carried out, would greatly reduce the number of boys and lads to be kept in gaols, and would be in happy contrast to the methods in vogue in the Victorian days, when children of twelve years old were sometimes in penal servitude.

The Home Secretary desires to make political martyrdom difficult; persons who have not been guilty of offences which society considers to involve moral turpitude are to receive many concessions, and to be treated much as first-class misdemeanants. Sincerely as we may sympathise with unfortunate people from the educated classes who have endured penal confinement for technical crimes that carry with them no disgrace, there is little doubt that by the imprisonment of intellectual and articulate men and women, light has been brought to shine into exceedingly dark places.

But the most miserable, and therefore the most urgently in need of assistance, are those convicted of the unpardoned crimes. Yet how entirely diverse and different all these men are, for whom the Courts have but one "remedy"—punishment. After all, who are the criminals? Sometimes they are true parasites, living upon the labour of others; unfortunately these really designing rogues are keen and clever and are not often brought to book and convicted. A multitude are more or less average people, conquered by bad conditions, crushed by unregulated and destructive competition. A certain number are innately abnormal and emotionally unbalanced. Many are feeble-minded and distinctly defective. There are said to be some six thousand prisoners on the borderland of insanity; and such cannot save themselves.

Surely the treatment we should apply must differentiate between the different kinds of crime? The diagnosis is not so difficult, though some cases

certainly overlap. There is one great test by which we can tell—the normality and comprehensibility, or otherwise, of the motives that prompted acts. Thus there are many wrong and immoral things which perfectly normal people would like to do, if they were not restrained by conscience or by fear of consequences. For example, we all want wealth, but we do not take what belongs to others on account of the restraints, internal and external, of thought or fear. But whenever an act or crime appears amazing and inconceivable to us, and does not even tempt the ordinary run of men and women, then we are dealing with an abnormal or mad offender. The less we are able to appreciate the temptation the more careful we ought to be by what standards we judge the offence. Thus while a man who mutilates a horse or a cow out of political or personal vengeance may be classed as a criminal, the man who does such a deed to gratify his desire is a person diseased, and should be treated accordingly. He may be more loathly than the criminal, but the criminal and the diseased ought not to be treated in the same way.

While the nature of most offences goes far to explain the character of their perpetrators, really puzzling cases arise not infrequently. Deliberate theft, for instance, is generally parasitism; but there may be surroundings which point to insanity. A few years ago the police of Paris captured a man who stole nothing but books. The volumes were piled in heaps and not sold or read. A convict known to Mr. Thomas Holmes, a good workman in decent circumstances, stole nothing but boots, and after repeated punishments it remained his craving to do so. A young man took money from his employer's office, and spent it in special trains and other absurdities in a manner which does not appear compatible with sane judgment. Such examples, out of the thousands that could be cited, reveal the fact that judges and juries, while fully competent to hear and determine questions of guilt or innocence, have neither the time nor the specialised knowledge to apportion the proper treatment to the convict. Some day that duty will be passed on to the alienists.

The problem of recidivism or re-conviction is deep and complicated. How is a man who has been dishonest to be trusted again; and without that, how is he to be reinstated; that failing, how is he to keep himself alive? A sentence of imprisonment tends to weaken the will, not to teach self-control; a man who has once been convicted of dishonesty has no character to forfeit, and he is scarcely less likely to be dishonest before not to yield and fall. He will be shunned by his British friends and relations—unless they are thieves—more for the sake of themselves than from reprobation of him. But how, he will be an outcast, left stranded. Who will employ him? How, much as he may dread prison, is he to contrive to live honestly? The difficulties in his way are indeed tremendous, and Mr. Churchill proposes to sweep aside those he can; the system of outside supervision is to be ended and new prisoners' agencies set up.

Could prisons be made sources of national wealth, so that besides compelling robbers to make restitution to those they had robbed, they might by their arduous labour create a fund to insure themselves? At the present time employers can get insured up to certain amounts against theft on the part of servants in their employ. Would it be possible to insure the prisoner so that if he returned to stealing, the losses could be made good to his employer on his re-conviction? It would be better for him morally and better for the State and all parties concerned for a man to feel that, though he had been dishonest or had stolen, at least he had made amends so far as he could and refunded unlawful spoil.

There is also the disastrous class whom no prison system can cure and no helping hand can anyway render whole. The hopeless are not those who are called the wicked, but the utterly weak. So far, we have in this country no adequate institutions to deal with our chronic degenerates. Yet there are many unhappy people who are unfitted to face the struggles of life as free citizens. It is not their fault, but it is their construction; they have indeed been

damned into the world, victims of heredity, suffering heavily for their parents' shortcomings; weak-minded wrecks, who are defective enough to be unable to go alone, and yet not made enough to be certified lunatics. But when their condition has been established, say, after a certain number of convictions, these unfortunate folk should be segregated in colonies for long terms of years where they could live and work more or less profitably, under kindly direction, like well-kept schoolboys. Away amidst air and sunshine let them work for the commonweal; only punished in so far that they are deprived of that liberty which assumed them to have been responsible beings, but otherwise made as happy as fate permits. Henceforth in our dealings with all living—some, like mad dogs, might be sent to the lethal chamber—we should be working with our hope fixed on definite ends. Not so much what a man once did should be the main question, but rather what he now is, and what he is likely to do. The past, for good or for evil, is dead and gone; wisdom will attempt to make the best of the present, and to prepare for the future.

### THE CITY.

ON the eve of the holidays a great change has come over the Stock markets. The gloom of several weeks suddenly gave way on Wednesday to something very like optimism, and the liquidation which has been the cause of so much anxiety practically ceased. The first sign of improvement was an announcement that Mr. Morgan had intervened in New York. We now know where we stand. The forced liquidation of Americans has been due to the efforts of the F. S. Pearson Syndicate to acquire command of the Transcontinental system, and over-speculation in Americans has brought down the great Vienna firm of Goldberger & Pollak, involving London losses amounting to some £30,000. Sir Ernest Cassel is now said to have secured more than half the Rock Island stock, and the Pearson wings have been clipped. To strengthen the American position still further it is realised in well-informed quarters that there need be no fears as to the railway dividends. Traffics have been excellent, and the crop failure has been limited to comparatively small areas.

The rally in Americans was a tonic to other markets, particularly as the reported Morgan action coincided with the announcement that the profits of the Steel Corporation were an improvement on anticipation and that the Home Railway returns, weekly and half-yearly, were on the whole satisfactory. Even the North-Eastern has not suffered from the effects of the strike to the extent that was expected. The Great Northern net earnings in the half-year are £60,000 better than in the first half of 1909. On the Brighton line the gross receipts are up £50,000, against which, however, has to be set £35,000 increase in working expenses, due in part to heavy claims for compensation. Much of the Brighton improvement is attributed to the growth of the passenger service on the electrified portion of the suburban line. That fact becomes the more interesting when we turn to the record of the Metropolitan District Railway since its electrification. A dividend of 3 per cent. is declared on the First Preference stock—the first for ten years. Though this is after all only what was looked for from the new influences at work on the Metropolitan system, it is none the less creditable to the company and gratifying to the stockholders. There is too an improvement in the Central London position, notwithstanding the reduction of business during the fortnight following the death of King Edward. With such cheering reports to hand the Home Railway market has been quite buoyant. The excellent trade in the north must be accountable for some of the advance in the railway returns, though it does not reflect itself in the industrial section of the Stock markets. Here as elsewhere the influence of events in America has predominated. Rubbers and oils both showed more losses than gains during the last account, but the move-

ment of the past two days has been generally upward, without very much business. Gamblers during the boom have found themselves loaded up with indifferent if not worthless stock which they have only paid for, if they have paid at all, by selling good stuff. The wonder is that the slump has not been greater. Rubbers with one or two exceptions—Malaccas for instance, and here the fall has not been due to market conditions at all—have held their own in a way which really shows how firmly established the market is.

Sir Julius Wernher's speech at the meeting of the Central Mining Corporation on Wednesday gave a fillip to the mining market. It was full of encouragement as to the future, more especially in regard to South Africans. An annual mineral output of close on £50,000,000 sterling in value is a fine record for a country with so small a white population. Kaffirs, Rhodesians and West Africans are all up, the only qualifying factor in the market position being the report that the New Rietfontein Estate Gold Mines have again struck the large main dyke threatening to cut out the reef near the central and western workings. Coppers are strong on renewed rumours that the efforts of the leading producers to control and restrict output have been brought to a head. Amalgamateds moved up some five points on Thursday, and of course Tintos and others have moved in sympathy.

### SPLENDIDLY FAMILIAR.

IT is remarkable—to us humble folk amazing—how many people know the King well. No doubt it is lamentable evidence of not being "in the know", but we confess we had no idea that the King's circle of intimates extended so far beyond what one thought of from a distance as the inner—the innermost—ring. Until lately we were under the impression—however false not at any rate vulgar, for it certainly has not left its mark on the majority—that the Prince of Wales was not very well known to the man in the street. That man did not claim him as his particular property—common property of course he was and ought to be; every Sovereign and Heir-Apparent must be; but the ordinary mortal who regards a King or even a Prince of Wales as something a little remote—a cousin at any rate more than once removed from himself—does not claim particular and private rights in Royal persons. And the Prince of Wales being for various reasons less in evidence than have been some Princes of Wales, it was natural that his familiars should be few. Then what surprise to find all round one now—in the street, in the market-place, in the suburban train—people who know King George well. Well? Much more than that; they know things it would be exceedingly difficult even for a man's servant to know. They are not only intimates but cherished intimates. They know how the King and Queen Mary talk to one another when no one else is present; when no one could hear what they said; nor could have heard from anyone except from King and Queen in person. They know, too, all the King's past. They know all his ways as no two ordinary brothers living together know each other's ways. And it must be true all that they say; they must be really intimate; for they speak without bated breath, with no embarrassment, of "George" and "Mary". There is something very magnificent, no doubt, in such splendid familiarity with Royal people. It awes us ordinary—or rather extra-ordinary folk now, for we—and there is the painfulness of the position—seem to be the only people who do not know the King intimately. These have all eaten and drunken with him; they know what he drinks and what he eats; they know when he sleeps well and when badly; some of them know the amount of his tailor's bills. It is all very impressive; and very marvellous, for they have all acquired this footing of familiarity since "George" became King. We may be splenetic; it may be envy's tooth or green-eyed jealousy; but we do find this excessive familiarity in Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, and

Windsor rather trying. These people are almost as irritating as the too much at home in Zion. Perhaps a little more so; for listening to those who know their way about the Heavenly Mansions so very well, we have the comforting knowledge that there is no reason why we should not be even with them one day, when possibly we shall find they do not know their way about Heaven quite so well as they imagine. But we have no such consolation for their familiarity with the King. We poor devils may look at a king no doubt, but only like any other cat; we have neither prospect nor hope of sitting on the King's knees or being nursed by "Mary" or scratching or biting either of them as these superior grimalkins.

Sometimes we are moved to wrath—very unphilosophic, very small in us, of course—but sometimes we are annoyed. We do not care to hear amazing stories about Royalties, told with such intimacy by those we had not expected ever to be within a mile of the King. We have even doubted for a moment whether these were not intimates of the Palace in the same way as those strange people who dress themselves in their best and hang about outside when a Levee or Drawing-room is going on, and are the next day—in their own drawing-rooms—wondrous familiar with all that went on inside and with all the company. Everyone knows somebody who really does know the King and Queen Mary; and so like everyone else do we. It is very strange that these, for whose familiarity with the Household we can account and vouch, do not seem to know so much as these market-place intimates, and what they do know does not agree. Any way, they do not affect by any means so familiar a style. They call the King the King, and Queen Mary they do not call "Mary".

Why do people love to talk about things they know nothing about? There can be hardly anything more abject than this intense minding of Royal business instead of their own. It is useless to tell these people they are making fools of themselves; for they know too little to be able to see it. It is useless to point out to them the discourtesy of all this to those they are so familiar with. They cannot see that none that did know would talk about it—unless a menial who sold gossip for cash. Nor would it matter, were it not that this talk does impress those who long for the same familiarity but who have not before thought of pretending to it. These drink in all they hear, and go away, "treading on air", persuaded they are members of the Court. Thus ridiculous stories get about.

Could one only make it a rule of every suburban drawing-room, of every provincial dining-room, of every middle-class "set", of all the minor clubs, that if anyone assumed to know anything about either the King or Queen Mary that everyone else did not know, he or she should immediately be expelled, how much more tolerable the ordinary mortal's world—and very few are anything else—would be to decent people of some intelligence and a little good taste!

#### A SUMMER NIGHT.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE plot of Mr. G. H. Clutsam's fine "opéra comique", "A Summer Night", is, on the stage, very intricate; no one unfamiliar with the text could possibly grasp at a first hearing what all the pother is about. The phraseology, also, is not adapted to the musical style Mr. Clutsam has chosen: when by careful listening one manages to follow the singers, it sounds like a poor translation of a libretto written in some foreign tongue. The work is the best by an Englishman—or rather by an English-speaking man, for Mr. Clutsam is by birth an Australian—yet produced in England; but it might have been made much more effective, and even now certain modifications would render it much more effective. The story is based on a tale in the "Heptameron" of Marguerite of Navarre—a tale I have never read and do not propose to read. I understand that to suit the delicate moral sensibility

of a public accustomed to the stern puritan rigour of present-day musical comedy, the plain speaking and naughty doings of the original have been mercilessly sacrificed; and this can be readily believed. The thing is innocuous enough now. It rather shocked me at first to see a gentleman kissing and caressing another gentleman's wife in a darkness so Stygian that each mistakes the other for someone else; but little harm was meant and none done. It is not my custom to retail the stories of operas; but in the present case this dreary course must be followed. "A Summer Night" is not an opera in which the words may be let go hang: on the contrary, an understanding of them is indispensable to an understanding of Mr. Clutsam's music. So, Niccolo has undertaken, for a wager, to win a ring from Lisa, Facio's servant, on condition that Facio in the first place makes an assignation with the girl in the dark. Facio does so and goes off to town to sell his crops. The girl is horrified and tells Facio's wife. This lady, when the time comes, takes Lisa's place, meets Niccolo, whom she takes for Facio, and willingly gives up her ring. The next morning Facio returns; Niccolo triumphantly shows what he supposes to be Lisa's ring; and Facio is thunderstruck to discover that it is his wife's. There is a deuce of an uproar; but presently all is explained: Facio and his wife are reconciled; Lisa marries her sweetheart Toni; and Niccolo resolves to undertake no more exploits of the sort. The working out of the thing is delayed by Toni, who sings love-duets with Lisa, and incidentally so scarifies Niccolo that this "messer" spends part of his summer night hiding up a tree, while a thunderstorm rages.

This, I submit, is rather stale cold cabbage in the twentieth century. But the main objection to it is that, though clear enough, if far from plausible, on paper, on the stage it is well-nigh incomprehensible. I doubt whether last Saturday night one-half of the audience knew why Facio got into such a fever of rage on finding Niccolo in possession of his wife's ring. Such a story is much too involved for modern musical treatment. Mozart set just such another tale, "Figaro", where people get muddled as to their own and each other's identity; but there we have plenty of spoken dialogue to make matters as plain as may be. Mr. Clutsam sets every word to music; and as the audience is able to understand little of the recitative, everyone is left totally in the dark as to what is really going on. Even if everything were made comprehensible, the plot is, I have said, quite sufficiently complicated; but, unfortunately, only those few of the élite who had read the story beforehand could really know what it was all about. To sum the matter up in a few words, we could not hear and grasp the declamation of the singers. That was not the fault of the singers: they did their best. Therefore, one must say, the blame falls upon the composer, and that is perfectly true. No one save Mr. Clutsam is to blame for the failure of his audience the other night to find out what his story was about. Had Mr. Clutsam given the singers the proper music to sing to English words there would have been no trouble whatever. But while he was writing brilliantly for the orchestra—writing the most brilliant stuff a native composer has yet given us—Mr. Clutsam forgot one point. The foreign composers he copies write, or wrote, for inflected languages in which, without pain, trouble or distortion the essential word falls at the end of the sentence and the musical phrase. In German and in French a composer may write thus—but not in English. Our language is not, to any great degree, an inflected one: we make an appallingly extensive use of auxiliaries. In his recitatives Mr. Clutsam follows too closely his German, French, Italian and even Russian models, and he gives his English singers—or singers of English—phrases to sing which cannot be sung articulately.

Some alterations are needed. I suggest the introduction of a page or two of dry recitative here and there. This would involve the loss of some charming orchestral bits, but the gain to the opera as a whole would be immeasurable. No one would be left speculating as to the whys and wherefores of all the fun and



tragedy, the laughter and grim melodrama. We would know what it is all about and be enabled to follow all the music with ease. As the work stands we cannot. Of course, had the singers last Saturday articulated more clearly they might have made the task of following the plot less hard; but there is a point that must be emphasised: Mr. Clutsam's music is of such a sort that had the singers taken more pains with their articulation, the music, as music, would have lost half its effect. Briefly, the recitative with which the singers accompany the orchestral flow is recitative adapted to most foreign languages but not in the least adapted to the English language. As I have said, in German, French and Italian a sentence may easily be arranged so that the essential words come at or near the end; in English, unfortunately for those composers who wish to write in the German or French or Italian style, this can seldom be done. Mr. Clutsam's musical phrases are very modern German in contour and accent, and on these Procrustean beds he has stretched and racked to death very modern English prose phrases. Here and there he has twisted his English out of shape, after the fashion of a minor poet forcing a rhyme, as thus:

"Good have you been to me always".

"You have always been good to me" is English prose; Mr. Clutsam's line is neither poetry nor prose; it is not English at all. Yet this distortion was necessary for the sake of the music. Other instances might be given; but most frequently Mr. Clutsam has been content to set English prose to German music; and let the singers toil as they will, they will rarely be intelligible and musical at the same time. This opera can be, as I have just said, made better; more easily comprehensible; but a great part of the words will always have to be taken "as read". This sad fact ought to be a warning to Mr. Clutsam and other English composers; they must all learn to set English words to music so that the sense shall be distinct without any loss to the music. Our English tongue is in many respects the most magnificent that has ever been spoken—or sung; but our composers harry it, torture and twist and mangle it shamefully. Are we bound to go on everlastingly writing German music? If we want to create a distinctive English style, here is the means at hand: find a mode of setting English words so that the meaning shall be clear and the music, as music, good; and—a word to the wise ought to be sufficient—to find out how that can best be done, let us go to Purcell. Handel's English recitative has become sacrosanct: long habit has deafened our ears to its clumsiness and at the same time made us imagine that nothing sung can be understood. But if we really listen to a Purcell recitative or air we discover in a moment that *here* is the genuine thing, an uninflected language set to perfectly beautiful music and yet completely intelligible.

This may seem to amount to a great deal of fault-finding, and of course it is fault-finding in a sense. Unfortunately I have yet more faults—faults from my point of view—to speak about; faults I should certainly not trouble to speak about if Mr. Clutsam had not shown himself by very far the most gifted opera composer our race has produced for a couple of centuries or so. The remaining faults are two: too much reliance is placed on orchestral colour, and that colour is too uniformly brilliant. A few arid patches would immensely improve the whole effect; and I should like to see the composer putting his whole mind and soul to the work of creating themes that mean something and can be grasped. Although in the search for useful analogies we who write about music often speak of it in terms of painting, there is little analogy between the two arts. Of all the other arts music most nearly resembles architecture. Architecture, I take it, is wholly form and power: the material, handled by a great architect, does not make much difference; and Goethe said music is wholly form and power. He ought to have added colour. Now in Mr. Clutsam's music there is plenty of power, when he chooses to show power; of colour there is at least enough; of form—I mean true form, not text-book form—there is too little.

Even in an opéra comique we want plenty of true, expressive melodies. And now my fault-finding is ended. "A Summer Night" is the work of a master, the most masterly opera lately written by one of our race. It does not pretend to rival "Die Meistersinger" and the part-writing often consists of duets between two principal instruments with an accompaniment, which is just as far as that sort of thing should be carried in a work planned on such a scale; the harmonies are quite modern enough, without each separate progression being an indictable offence, a distinct provocation to a breach of the peace, as in the case of Richard Strauss. Although it was only done once, it may be presumed that Mr. Beecham will often give it again.

A word must be said about "Der Schauspiel-direktor", which followed Mr. Clutsam's brief masterpiece. It is scarcely fair to call this Mozart's. Mozart wrote a glorious overture and a few songs for a farce, and the farce has thereby lived. It is all about the vanities and ambitions of rival actors, actresses and singers; and, as one deeply experienced in these matters, I could not help wondering whose withers were wrung and whose unwrung. More than one opera-house in Europe might be mentioned where the piece is daily and nightly played, behind the scenes or in the manager's room, without Mozart's music, but with perfect truth to nature. The squabble between the two prima donnas, because one was to get a few shillings a month more than the other, tickled Mr. Beecham's audience greatly, as well it might. All hands entered into the fun of the game, Miss Caroline Hatchard, Miss La Palme and Mr. John Bardsley especially romping with admirable vivacity.

The "Direktor" himself was amusingly played by Mr. Scrope-Quentin. I shall never forget his "No-o-o" when he was asked if he had heard of a new piece, "now being played in London", called "The School for Scandal".

#### APPRECIATION.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE supper-room was full of Jews, of Rastas, of demi-mondaines, of company promoters and adventurers from the five quarters of the globe. The clash of tongues rose high, forcing the most unscientific to admit man's near descent from, and his close relationship to, monkeys and macaws. Obsequious and yet half-insolent Swiss and German waiters poured out champagne, the only wine the goodly company of internationalists thought good enough to drink. Palm trees, bred, as it were, to stand tobacco smoke and fumes of scent and perspiration, and to resist the artificial light, were stuck about at intervals in great gilt tubs, and their leaves when the draught stirred them were reflected in the enormous looking-glasses with which the walls were lined. Here sat an elderly financier, in his vast, white waistcoat, escorting a slight chorus-girl; a little further on a lady "sur le retour", her gown cut open almost to her waist, her eyes touched up with kohl, and her hair dyed with henna, was seated with the lover of her pocket, a young man with his dark hair brushed back and plastered to his head. Americans sang like the bagpipes, i' the nose, and Germans grunted; and over all the heady, false and artificial tones of the imperial race struck one as being used for fun.

Riches and vulgarity kissed one another, each recognising the other's worth, and understanding that the whole world was theirs by right of conquest as long as they combined.

It seemed as one looked round, that the green fields, the sky, the trees, the songs of birds, the joy of horses, the dawn, the tides, the rhythmical and murmurous motion of the spheres, night, day, the twilight, and all the rest of the mere natural miracles, which nobody can imitate, so few appreciate, and none of us can alter, stay, quicken, or retard, were but mere common things which the assembled company either had never seen or comprehended, or, if they had, imagined they could buy, or set on some inventive but unpractical

poor man to counterfeit. None ate to gratify their hunger or drank because they thirsted, but merely for the sake of spending money, except perhaps one or two of the younger demi-mondaines, whose palates were not surfeited with gold. The guests looked meaner than the men who served them in appearance, and those who served them meaner still than they for serving any man, when there were stones to break, waste lands to plough, or even a good drain or two to cleanse and purify.

An air of self-contentment, spacious and quite impenetrable to pity or to sentiment, exuded from the pores of everyone. Their world was the best world their God could make, and on their seventh day, if they had thought about the matter, they would have called on him complacently to rest, for it was clear that he could do no more to satisfy their minds. Men slouched into the hall, their hands plunged in their trouser-pockets, with the shamefaced and shambling gait that modern life seems to impart, and women swaggered or sailed in, conscious that wealth and luxury had done as much for them as it had failed to do for the male sex. Nothing in the whole place was human but the Hungarian band, which, though disguised like monkeys on an organ, in red coats and tight plush shorts, still played as carefully amongst the hum of talk—for music sets off people talking, just as talk starts canaries in a cage to sing—as they had played in rags in their own villages at home.

Their pale, thin faces, peering through glasses at the music, and their concentrated air, the quick glances which they shot at the first violin, who now and then ceased playing for a bar or two and beat the time with his bow hand, placed them in quite another world from the guests seated round the tables, one and all of whom were Semites either by adoption or by race. In fact, the real Semites were superior in type to those of other races, whose noses had grown high, cheeks reddened, and stomachs swollen in the pursuit of wealth. Few listened to the music, till food and drink had done their work and they sat dulled like vultures after a meal of carrion, and their tongues ceased to clatter for a while. Some of them deigned to listen and applaud, but in a patronising way as if not only the mere music wage-slaves but the composers, had been called into being by some subconscious action of their own.

Czardas succeeded Czardas, the violinist playing like a man inspired, his face illuminated, his black turned-up moustache twitching and separating like the whiskers of a cat, his agile fingers sliding up the diapason of his fiddle just as a skip-jack slips about the surface of a pool, in darts the eye can see, but never follow in their speed. Then, tapping on his music-stand, the leader with a gesture of his bow launched his musicians into the Barcarole of the "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" with its dreamy rhythm and its air of holding in its notes, suspended betwixt earth and heaven, the soul of him who sacrificed fifteen whole years of life to the work which was to show that he had something better in him than the mere jingling melodies that linked his name to those of Schneider, Elise Tautin and the rest of their compeers.

It floated through the hall, rising and falling just as a gondola sways at the mouth of a canal, then faded by degrees till it ceased imperceptibly, as does the whirring of the wings of some great insect passing overhead as it flies on beneath the trees. A qualified applause, such as the rich bestow on a mere fiddler, broke out fitfully. Heads nodded, and fat, common hands that never in their lives had handled pick, spade, brush, or pencil, or anything but gold, tapped on the tables with a fleshy sound.

"Beautiful thing, 'Le Comte der Hoffmann' ", an Englishman exclaimed. "Thé fellow was a count. Offenbach had it all from Hortense Schneider, . . . you know, the gurl who used to dance the Kanne-Kanne when Louey Napoleon was emperor. Parée was never really Parée since those days. Louey was just the man for the French. He understood them. If he had lived, my boy, we never should have had the republic, and all

that kind of thing." The women at his table admired his knowledge, and hummed the refrain a little out of tune, one of them who attended concerts remarking it was a little like what she called, "Singe d'Amour," to which a friend rejoined: "How strange! Why, Offenbach died years ago, and yet his music is quite modern". Music of course began to be an art about the time electric light came into use.

A Frenchman drew his wit to the finest thread to make a point about the writer having been a little German "dans le fond", and then, when a stout German looked at him coldly and insolently, flushed up a little, pretending he had not quite understood what he had wished to say. For nearly half a minute the matter occupied the people in the supper-room, and then, after some one or other had delivered himself to the effect that "music had a soothing sort of effect on the digestive organs", they all forgot about it, and turned to discuss the important things of life—adultery, divorce, the stock exchange, and the last "aviator" dashed to pieces in his fall.

The writer, who in the coulisses of his theatres, for years had kept a bright spot in his soul, working and polishing at his ewe lamb that he was fated never to see born, at last had been appreciated. All had been done that man can do to wipe away a stain, and all the years of struggle and neglect, to-day were as they never had been; for, after all, applause is what men work for, and not gold, and so that the applause be given, it does not matter in the least from whence it comes. The public crowns the artist, and if occasionally it puts the crown on just a little bit awry, no one need hold himself offended, for its great heart is sound.

Replete with food at last, the suppers slowly began to leave their seats, and as the function of a band is to add noise to noise, the leader tapped sharply on his music-stand, and as by inspiration recommenced just where he had left off. Once more the cadence of the Barcarole quavered and floated through the hall, rose, fell and finally melted away like the faint threnody of a dragon-fly heard in imagination by a mad musician, and then the company definitely rose, exhaling fumes of scent and perspiration, whilst through the windows came the first flush of dawn, but smoke-ridden and grey, and the air sullied by the exhalations of a million pairs of lungs.

#### MARGINAL COMPANIONSHIP.

IN the days when a novel was still something of a surprise it was the custom to read closely and attentively and to be provoked into marginal criticisms and exclamations. Stop at a book-stall and pick up a faded novel published eighty years ago, and the chances are that you will find evidence of many readers. For reading was a serious business then and the author was subjected to a closer scrutiny than he is to-day. When, for instance, he takes risks and lets fly with a daring epigram or two, it is likely that you will find pencilled in the margin the indignant words "What nonsense!". At another time, when he makes one of his characters artistically repellent, you may be sure of finding "Villain!". But appreciation is as common as indignation or criticism. Whole passages of moralising are underlined, and the author is often comforted still further by the heartfelt exclamation "How true!". Sometimes one marginal note is followed by another from a different pen. The first reader may have thought that Rebecca was wrong when she refused the ardent hero, and may have said so in a few terse words, such as "How heartless of her!". The second disagrees with this, and writes immediately beneath "Rebecca was right; John was much too conceited", making her correction the more earnest by adding her initials.

It is good to read these books, if only for the sake of the marginal companionship. To the ordinary excitement of reading there is added the more rare excitement of being able to compare impressions with earlier adventurers on the same journey. At any moment you may come across someone on the road and



find that he is going your way. What he says is a sure index of his destination, and it is good to know that the journey need not be done alone. A provocative passage comes, and there in the margin are two different impressions, one in a nervous shaky hand as if written by an old man and the other in the round confident hand of youth. You can choose your company. Clearly both are going their ways, and the decision must be made at once. Shall nothing be risked and the older man be hailed, or would it be better to make a comrade of the young impetuous reader who so indignantly dismisses the cynical reflections of the author? For a long road an optimist is needed, someone who will find sunlight even in the shaded woods and will not watch the horizon for a coming storm. Why not risk something and choose the younger hopeful traveller who will not shelter on the way? Hardy would be less disheartening if one could be certain of the right marginal companion. His despair would be robbed of its sting by the sound of a cheerful voice. To take the road with him alone is indeed to set out on a dark journey. For he travels by night and there is nothing ahead but looming blackness which will let no light through. There are books that can only be read alone, but there are more that are the better for companionship. "Tess" is one of these, and calls for sunny laughter and the ambitious protest of youth. At the end of the road, when Hardy abruptly leaves you, there is a tendency to look round for someone who will say a cheerful word, and laugh perhaps. It is then that the vacant margin is depressing.

Unluckily a book is now so everyday a thing that no one is provoked into marginal activity. Reading is no longer a rare adventure, but rather a common indulgence calling for nothing but an easy chair. Morley's advice always to read with a pen in your hand, which would have been the better if it had referred to the margin instead of to a note-book, falls on barren soil. The exertion of plain reading is enough, and there is no time for making notes. Strangely too there is a prejudice against an occupied margin. Most readers want the whole book to themselves and deal impatiently with any casual acquaintance they may make. It is difficult to understand this. Reading is a cold and lonely business without some marginal companion.

#### MAORI BIRD-LORE.

By JAMES DRUMMOND.

IT is the custom for Maoris who go mutton-birding on the islands south of New Zealand to sit round a roaring fire in the evening when the day's work is done, and when the conditions are not suitable for torch-light operations. One night when I was on Tia Island investigating the mutton-bird's habits we gathered together as usual on the great hearth, which occupies nearly half the floorspace of the hut, and the "headman" of the island, knowing the interest I take in everything relating to New Zealand birds, told me some of the simple bird stories he had heard in his youth.

I introduced the subject by saying that during the day, when I was strolling through the forest with two lads, we met an owl which sat on the edge of a deep hole in a hollow tree and stared and blinked at us as if it wished to know what right we had to be on the island. The lads begged me not to harm it, saying that it was a bird greatly to be feared, and that as soon as it saw me loading my gun it would rush out and strike me dead. I was assured by my friend that some Maoris still regard the owl with awe, and that many of the superstitions associated with it are cherished. If it rests on a hut at night and utters a peculiar cry distinct from its usual "morepork" hoot, for instance, the owner of the hut will be very angry if a stranger tries to harm it.

He then told me the story of the mollymawk, which is a member of the albatross family, and the kakapo, a large, green, flightless parrot peculiar to New Zea-

land. The mollymawk, of course, leads a seafaring life, and the kakapo dwells on the land. At a great gathering of the representatives of all birds of the land and the sea the mollymawk and the kakapo became fast friends. The mollymawk suggested that, in order to mark the friendship, they should change countries, the mollymawk going on the land and the kakapo going out to sea. The kakapo did not like the idea, but it did not wish to appear uncivil to its new friend. As a way out of a somewhat embarrassing position it suggested that life ashore would not suit the mollymawk as, on account of its conspicuous white and grey plumage, it would not be able to hide securely from its enemies. "They will have no difficulty in picking you out", the kakapo said, "but I, who am all green, easily hide amongst the foliage so that nobody can see me".

The mollymawk, not to be put off so lightly, said that a fair test could be made by each bird hiding while the other searched for it. In that way it could be proved which would be the greater gainer by remaining on the land. This plan was agreed to. The kakapo turned its head away and the mollymawk flew off for about twenty yards and hid. "Now come and look for me" it said. "Why, there you are, I can see you quite clearly", the kakapo replied without any hesitation whatever. Then the kakapo hid. The mollymawk searched diligently and for a long time, but quite unsuccessfully. "Where are you?" it asked at last. "Why, here I am quite close beside you", said the kakapo, whose plumage harmonised perfectly with the green leaves of the trees. The mollymawk then flew out to sea and the kakapo remained for ever on the land.

In former times when a female child was born the women who attended at the birth made a hole with their finger-nails, kept long for the purpose, in the lobes of the infant's ears for the suspension of ornaments when womanhood was reached. It was usual to use for this kind of decoration a shark's tooth, a piece of greenstone, or some other recognised ornament. On high days, however, women liked to suspend from their ears large pieces of downy feathers taken from under the wings of the white heron. Once, when a gathering of the tribes had been arranged, the wife and daughters of an old chief could get no down for ornaments because white herons were not. The ladies could hardly avoid going to the gathering on account of their prominent social position, and they felt that they would be put to shame if they appeared without the coveted ornaments.

Then the old chief set out for the home of a gigantic bird, Manunui-a-Tana, in order to obtain from it fancy feathers to compensate for the lack of the beautiful white down. It is not known where he went, but he found the bird's home. The bird's owner refused to grant his request for a few fancy feathers and turned a deaf ear to his pleading that his wife and daughters would be disgraced before the assembled tribes. Before he turned to depart he asked if he might have the use of the bird to take him home as he would otherwise be late for the gathering. The bird's master consented to this, and the chief, climbing on to the bird's back, was taken rapidly through the air. Before he reached the end of his journey he noticed on the bird's back an exceptionally fine bunch of red plumes which seemed to him to be just the thing for his womenfolk at home. Before descending he fixed his fingers into the plumes and with a strong wrench pulled some of them out. The big bird immediately cried out with a loud voice and angrily accused him of trying to bring disaster upon it. "Oh, it's all right", he said; "I was only smoothing down the fancy feathers on your back". The explanation was accepted. The bird flew away home, and the wily old chief's wife and daughters gloried in the envy of all the other women who saw them. The Manunui-a-Tana is also referred to in a song composed by a young man in honour of his lost sweetheart, whose spirit, it is believed, went to the bird's home and still lives there.

My friend says that the hakuwai may still be heard as it hovers invisibly in the sky, crying in loud and



piercing tones "Hakuwai, hakuwai!" It is believed that this bird stays in the clouds over three islands in Foveaux Strait, which separates the South Island of New Zealand from Stewart Island. The cry is heard first in the north, then in the south, then in the east, and then in the west, going from point to point of the compass. The hakuwai, as described to me over the log fire in the mutton-birders' hut, is a large land bird with snow-white plumage and with seven joints in its immense wings. "Hakuwai, hakuwai!" is regarded as a very ominous cry, presaging trouble and disaster. Formerly it heralded a great tribal battle. The Maoris say that, although the bird has been heard often, it has been seen by human eyes only once. Then it fell from the sky. But that was years and years ago, when things were ordered differently and when white men had not come to sweep away all the simplicity, the romance, the charm and the glory of the ancient life and nearly everything that was worth living for.

"You are the grandson of a great chief who lived in the old days", I said, "and you are an educated man according to our ideas. Would you rather have the civilised life of to-day than the barbarous life of yesterday?"

"I would rather go back one hundred years", he replied. "In some ways we are better than we were, but in many other ways we are worse. We had our wars, our personal quarrels, our joys and sorrows, our faults and weaknesses. But we lived a healthy life, and we had our gods and goddesses, our fairies and our ogres which were very real to us, our ancient legends, songs and laments, our stories of the deeds of our ancestors, and our own ideas of right and wrong and of honour, virtue and justice. We had no paper then and no writing. A chief was bound not by what he wrote but by what he said; and his word was a bond not only to himself but also to all the tribe for all generations. 'I will do this thing', he said. He then told all the people, and it passed from person to person until the chief's word went throughout the land. Public opinion endorsed it and public opinion made a breach of it a thing which not even the boldest would be likely to think of."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "TOTEMS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Torna Coille Hotel, Banchory, Scotland.

25 July 1910.

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW (16 July, p. 75) the following passage occurs in Mr. Murray's review of Mr. Frazer's "Totemism and Exogamy": "In the Banks' Islands the woman, when she becomes conscious of her pregnancy, looks round for the cause of it, finds it in some object, mostly a fruit or animal which has in some way come near her and disappeared". There is here some misapprehension which I cannot explain. Dr. Rivers, our sole authority, says nothing about the woman "looking round for the cause of it" when she "becomes conscious of her pregnancy". He does not say that anyone supposes the animal or fruit to be the cause of the woman's pregnancy. On the other hand, "it was clear that this belief" (what the belief really is may be read in Dr. Rivers' essay) "was not accompanied by any ignorance of the physical rôle of the human father, and that the father played the same part in conception as in cases of birth unaccompanied by an animal appearance". See Dr. Rivers' "Totemism in Polynesia and Melanesia", pp. 173-175 ("Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute," Vol. xxxix. 1909).

I am etc.,  
ANDREW LANG.

### AN APOLOGY FOR THE MUFTI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Colonial Institute,  
Northumberland Avenue, London W.C.  
11 July 1910.

SIR,—A letter over the signature H. K. El Sheshiny has been addressed to the papers, attempting to justify the action of the Mufti at Cairo in refusing to confirm the sentence pronounced on Wardani, the murderer of Boutros Pacha; but the editor of the "Manchester Guardian" (in whose columns I read it) has apparently not thought it worth while to expose the writer's sophistry in a footnote. In support of his contention, the apologist quotes the definition of murder under the Mohammedan Fetva, the two relevant clauses being these:

(a) "A person is considered a murderer who strikes another without right with an instrument which causes death."

(b) "Death must be the ultimate effect of the blow, without doubt."

He then proceeds to argue that inasmuch as "the death of Boutros Pacha was declared by most doctors (!) to be the effect of the surgical operation", the Mufti had no option; that in the case of a Mohammedan injured by a Christian his decision would have been just the same; and that "it is most unfair to abuse a nation and give it a despicable name on such grounds".

The first thing that strikes a person of ordinary common sense in reading the above is that if the provisions of the Fetva extend no further than stated, it is high time this code were abolished and replaced by some more comprehensive one; but, assuming that poison and other lethal methods, complicity and conspiracy are dealt with elsewhere, and confining ourselves to the case in point, it results that A may knock B on the head with intent to kill him, and escape the consequences by producing "a number of doctors" who attribute his death to the ministrations of C. Therefore it is not A, who attempted B's life, to whom punishment should be meted, but C, who tried to save it!

As for giving a nation (or a Nationalist) a "despicable name", it appears to me that, considering the rejoicings made by the party and their press organs over the accomplishment of this brutal and carefully planned outrage, the less said by them on the subject the better, and, moreover, that the Mufti ought to possess no more power to overrule the decision of a court of justice than the Archbishop of Canterbury in England would have to quash a verdict given at the Old Bailey.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. GARNETT.

### MARIE BASHKIRTSEV.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 July 1910.

SIR,—In a review of "The Autobiography" in the last SATURDAY it is said of Marie Bashkirtsev: "Curiously the writer who has given the best definition of genuine autobiography was one who herself was obviously egotistic and untrustworthy". If this means that because Marie Bashkirtsev was herself egotistic and untrustworthy, therefore her autobiography is not genuine, I beg to doubt the fact. The egotism and untrustworthiness are revealed by the autobiography itself, and herein, I think, is manifest almost miraculous genuineness. It is possible, indeed, that Marie's autobiography stands pre-eminent in that it alone is a record of the self known to the writer: she boldly, almost shamelessly, reveals herself. Can this be said of the other writers referred to who were "possessed by this curious wish to tell the plain truth about themselves"? Cellini glosses his personal shortcomings; Herbert Spencer pictured himself in relation to the public only, not to himself; S. Augustine, to many of us, suppresses himself in expressing (all?) his ideas. The cynic maintains that we, everyone, even

the greatest, are egotistic and untrustworthy. But who admits the fact—even to himself? With some doubt as to Boswell's incidental piecemeal autobiography, so admirably recorded in his biography of Johnson, there probably never has been and never will be anyone except Marie Bashkirtsev with equal will and power to lay bare to the public eye all details, even the meanest, of personal experience, thought and feeling. Do we know anyone, do we know ourselves, down to the bedrock of personality, so well as we know Marie Bashkirtsev?

Your obedient servant,  
F. C. CONSTABLE.

## SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 Oak Grove, Cricklewood N.W.

11 July 1910.

SIR,—I have a copy of the reprint by Evans of Shakespeare's Poems "hitherto not noted" of that Murden edition bought by Mr. Richard C. Jackson and described by him in his interesting letter. My copy exactly tallies with his Murden, save that the "title-page and contents" comprise I to VIII, not I to VI, and that Foote gets his proper spelling. There is also an "advertisement" next to the title-page in which the reason given for the reprinting is that "the eager desire to be possessed of the complete works of the noblest of poets have (sic) rendered them scarce". It is all good to read; but I would call attention to Mr. Jackson's acute notice of "the last poem in the book being on page 249, beneath a thin line (without any title thereto), 'Why should this desert be' etc., consisting of thirty lines". It is the very poem read by Celia with such pretty tantalisation to Rosalind. Said Rosalind of it "the feet were lame", and so Evans makes them; for, clearly following Murden, he leaves out *silent* after *desert*, the halt palpable.

The Sonnet titles partly set out by Mr. Jackson will well repay close study; so would their sequence. Thus: "As an unperfect actor" (Sonnet XXIII) is entitled A Bashful Lover (page 124), and is followed, not preceded, by "My glass shall not persuade" (Sonnet XXII), which appears as Strong Conceit (page 125). Again, Sonnets XXIV, XXV, XXVI receive the titles A Master Piece, Happiness in Content, A Dutiful Message, and are placed as far away as pages 140-2; yet Sonnets XXVII, XXVIII, XXIX are grouped together as A Disconsolation, and are sent back to pages 127-8. One more instance out of an abundance: Sonnets L, LI are entitled Go and Come Quickly, a pair, page 142, having their position immediately after Sonnet XXVI.

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,  
JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

## COROT AND MASON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Woolhampton, Berks, 16 July 1910.

SIR,—The only point of resemblance between Corot and Mason that I can see is that they were both very great artists. Surely Mason's "Cast Shoe" is very far removed from the "commonplace", and I do not think Sir William Eden will find many artists to agree with his letter in your issue of the 2nd instant. Corot may just as well be judged by the very ordinary titles he adopted for many of his beautiful works.

I am yours faithfully,  
J. M. MACINTOSH.

## "DIE FLEDERMAUS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 July 1910.

SIR,—In Mr. Epstein's letter last week there is only one point to answer. I did not accuse "Brahms of

insincerity in paying his historic tribute to the 'Blue Danube'". I did not know Brahms had paid any tribute, and only mentioned his name in connexion with Bülow—certainly not in connexion with any of the tribe of Strausses, controllers for years of the German, Austrian, and in fact the whole European waltz-market.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

## AUCTION BRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 July 1910.

SIR,—That auction bridge is a very attractive innovation will, I think, be generally conceded by bridge-players who have indulged in it. It is, however, largely on probation and has not gained universal acceptance. It is, in fact, regarded as a gambling game, and so viewed with considerable suspicion. The suggestion is unfair, inasmuch as it need not be a gamble at all. Unfortunately, however, it tends to become so; but the reason and the remedy are not far to seek. The reason, in a word, is the inflated rubber value; the remedy an adjustment consonant with fair play. The present arbitrarily fixed rubber value of two hundred and fifty points is unfair, disproportionate, and an incentive to gambling. It is unfair as it penalises the winners of one game to the same extent as the winners of none; it is disproportionate as it is out of proportion to the average point value of the rubber, and it is an incentive to gambling as it induces wild over-calling to keep the rubber going, or what in auction parlance is termed "flag-flying". This will go on so long as the ridiculous and extravagant prize of two hundred and fifty points obtains. The upshot of its retention tends to be only one way, and that way the defeat of auction bridge by itself, by its degenerating into a gamble, alienating most of its supporters, and effectually deterring many others who probably would have come in. The remedy is the simplest thing in the world—a game value of a hundred points. This means that the rubber becomes worth either a hundred or two hundred points; but never more than two hundred points, for if the rubber extends to a third game, obviously the first two games must have been won by either side, and their value so have become washed out. The advantage of a game value is threefold—(1) it reduces the prize for the rubber; (2) it rewards the winners of a game; (3) it, largely, does away with gambling. There is really nothing novel about a hundred-point game value, which is simply, *mutatis mutandis*, in line with Continental practice at bridge before bridge came to England. It would have been, it would be, fairer at English bridge. However, that is beside the question. It is eminently applicable and fitting to auction bridge. How frequently we see the best-played and best-won game scored by the losers of the rubber and yet they get nothing for it! Chastisement with scorpions with a vengeance! Then, again, to what extremes is expense pushed up in the third game to save those two hundred and fifty points, to win that two-hundred-and-fifty-point guerdon! Objectors to the readjustment of the rubber value may perhaps think they see the remedy in reducing the cash value of the points played for, which, however, would not meet the case at all, the principle remaining the same. The points are probably about right—whatever the player is in the habit of playing for and can afford. It is the principle that is all wrong. This is the time to take a decisive step, to steady auction bridge if it is to obtain a permanent place as a card game—the premier place, to oust bridge. No improvement, but rather a degeneracy, is likely so long as the premium for the rubber remains as it is and where it is. Nothing but enforced steadiness will steady the auction player, and the steadying of the player will be the salvation and the making of the game. Yours etc.

LYNX.

### THE ALLOCATION OF WORK AMONG GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 Middle Temple Lane E.C. 8 July 1910.

SIR,—The announcement of the Government's intention to appoint two labour advisers to the Home Office prompts me to ask whether the time has not come for a careful inquiry into the present distribution of work between the Home Office, Local Government Board and Board of Trade. It cannot be suggested that the work is now allocated between these three Departments in a manner free from anomalies or calculated to ensure the maximum of efficiency in administration.

Why, for example, should the Home Office be entrusted with the inspection of factories and mines, although labour and industry are supposed to constitute the special province of the Board of Trade? Surely the time has come for transferring this work en bloc to the latter Department with its admirably equipped Labour Branch. If the ground were tabula rasa can anyone pretend that the Home Office would be given duties coming so clearly within the scope of a Department designed to watch over the interests of commerce, industry and labour?

Again, on what principle are we to understand that the examination of water, under the Metropolitan Water Acts, has been entrusted to the Local Government Board, and the examination of gas, under the Metropolitan Gas Acts, to the Board of Trade?

Lastly, it is not quite obvious why the subject of London traffic should be considered appropriate for the Board of Trade rather than for the Home Office or Local Government Board.

The whole subject seems to be one calling for the investigation of a committee of hard-headed practical men, who would enter upon their task untrammelled by sentiment and tradition, and would make recommendations with a single eye to the most efficient administration of Government business.

I am yours obediently, ERNEST LESSER.

### THE NATIONAL SERVICE LEAGUE AND CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 West Park Gardens, Kew, 16 July 1910.

SIR,—In your last number Colonel Stockley assured us that the National Service League "does not desire conscription", but he omitted to tell us what he and the League mean by conscription.

The antidote has been confused with the poison by the League. After universal conscription had been introduced on the Continent the rich, who felt it extremely irksome, cast about for means to evade it, and they succeeded in finding two methods of shirking their duty, which, by their intrigues, eventually became law. By dotation, or paying a lump sum to the Government to provide a man in his place, a rich conscript was allowed to go his ways. By substitution, a rich conscript was relieved from service on producing a man who by private arrangement consented to serve in his stead. Thus dotation and substitution became the rich man's antidote to the poison, conscription.

The League defines conscription as compulsory service combined with dotation and substitution, although in the first place conscription merely implies the registration of male infants' names in a ledger, and in the second compulsory service has no necessary connexion with either dotation or substitution—no more, in fact, than a poison has with its antidote. No one has ever proposed, and no one in possession of his reason will ever propose, the adoption in England of this Victoria Street conscription. But so long as the League, by an illusive interpretation of the word "conscription", persists in holding up as a scarecrow to the people the only means left to us of forming a strong and reliable army, so long is every patriotic subject justified in maintaining that their methods are "not square". Yours obediently,

H. W. L. HIME, Lieut.-Col.

### REVIEWS.

MR. SHORTER'S HIGH WAYS.

"Highways and Byways in Buckinghamshire." By Clement Shorter. With Illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. London: Macmillan. 1910. 6s.

THIS volume, like the recent one on Middlesex, is full of painstaking detail, but does not maintain the literary standard of the series. Mr. Shorter is a fluent but clumsy compiler, apt to lapse into journalese and not impeccable in grammar. A single noun followed by "with" and other nouns does not take a plural verb. Mr. Griggs has done the illustrations for several of the "Highways and Byways", and his work is excellent, especially in its choice of picturesque subjects such as the "King's Head" at Aylesbury, the Quainton Almshouses, and the Norman work at Stewkley Church.

Mr. Shorter in his Preface informs us that he is not interested in fishing, shooting or hunting. "Buckinghamshire attracts me solely on the human side. It has been the home of an exceptional number of illustrious men. . . . The student of literature, of politics, of science and of theology will find in our county many interesting associations. My book will appeal only to those who require this personal element to be brought under their notice."

The author has, in fact, made a long list of the celebrities of the county, including an uncle of Charlotte Brontë. But in dilating on their origin and distinctions he does not often make them interesting in their habit as they lived. He might have added with advantage to his quotations from Horace Walpole and others. For instance, there is a charming passage of Gray's about Burnham Beeches which no man of letters could resist. Interest in Bradenham centres, we are told, "in the attractive figure of the author of the 'Curiosities of Literature'". On the contrary, we think of two brilliant young men reading Lucian there under the beech trees together, Benjamin Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton. Details concerning the Medmenham monks and the Verney family are accessible in various sources and have been well used here. The main roads of the county with their towns and villages are thoroughly treated, and descriptions of notable places are satisfactory and fairly easy, since, as Mr. Shorter notes, some excellent antiquaries have preceded him. He follows them with pathetic zeal, but he shows no signs of that intimacy which makes modern changes leap to the eye. Aylesbury is almost a London suburb in its present aspect for one who many years since approached it on foot from Bicester through primitive villages.

Now the Metropolitan Railway and its companion line have opened up the district to Londoners. Many of these have found a succession of walks by stream and meadow, and through delightful woods which entitle the county pre-eminently to the merit of "Byways". More attention to these pedestrian privileges is desirable. Buckinghamshire has strongly contrasted heights and varied soils which make much of its scenery. Wendover, for instance, lies in a hollow between hills of remarkable height, and the wise man leaving it for Tring does not take a dog-cart, as R. L. Stevenson did, but strikes straight up through the Halton Woods, beautiful at all times of the year. Reading some of the pages before us, we might almost conceive of Buckinghamshire as a concrete floor with excellent going for motor cars, full of churches and traces of the eminent, and not much else. The Preface speaks of the student of science, but the lover of natural history will find little to please him. Birds, flowers and trees are often notable but rarely noted. The lime-trees at Jordans, the elms at Chenies and the cedar at Woodside below; and the taller trees which lend their subtle yellow to Horton in the autumn are for us no small part of the charm of these places. The flowers throughout the county are particularly good and varied,



that strange visitor from America, the yellow mimulus, being brilliant on the Chess and the Misbourne stream. The Chess is a delight both for anglers, as Mr. Shorter notes, and lovers of natural beauty, but it is rather confusing to find it called on the same page both "the river Chess" and vaguely "a trout stream". "The river", it is said, "flows pleasantly through Chalfont S. Peter". When there was an open ford it used to flow more pleasantly to the eye, but less agreeably for owners of motor cars. "Human interest" leads Mr. Shorter to devote some space to the dull common of Gerrard's Cross, full of genteel residences. The commons of Hampden and Cholesbury were much more deserving of the space. Cholesbury, indeed, is one of the breeziest uplands in the county.

On matters of archæology, inns and tombs the book is laborious, and the eminent, who are perhaps the chief interest of the tourist, seldom escape Mr. Shorter's eye. At Chalfont S. Giles the churchyard has a gravestone worth mention, on which the courier of a famous soldier rejoices that his journeys on the Continent have been changed for the rest of the grave. The best guidebook does not mention it, nor does Mr. Shorter. The "student of literature and politics" (we quote again from the Preface) will not always agree with the ideas here propounded. It is highly improbable that King John ever signed "Magna Charta"; we cannot regard Burke's career as unimpeachable, or the war upon Napoleon on his escape from Elba as unwarrantable, or Lord William Russell of the Rye House Plot as "the last of a succession of great martyrs for the cause of English liberty". He was badly treated, but hardly a Hampden. The summary of the wages of labourers is inadequate, and the idea that Buckinghamshire stands alone in the stagnation of its village population is absurd; it would be easily contradicted by a little knowledge of adjacent counties.

On men of letters Mr. Shorter writes fully in a style which is informative without being critical. Layard and Præd are both "still widely read". Shelley wrote "Laon and Cythna" (sic) at Marlow, and that pleasant town has been further immortalised by visits from the Omar Khayyâm Club, which included "interesting writers, now deceased". Verbose enthusiasm concerning Milton does not prevent the mangling of a line of "Lycidas" on page 222.

Mr. Shorter is clearly not a classical scholar, but his book is published by a firm well known for Greek and Latin books. Could he not have got some help in such matters? The tomb of Wilkes' gardener "is dated 1754 and bears a happy line from Virgil:

'For him even the laurels, for him even the myrtles weep'".

"Happy", perhaps, in the original, for in his tenth Eclogue Vergil wrote "flevere myricæ", and "myricæ" are tamarisks, not myrtles. The "Per-vigilium Veneris", the refrain of which is a feature of "Marius the Epicurean", and therefore not unknown to English scholars, was not written by Catullus.

Mr. Shorter has, we learn, a cottage at Great Missenden, and it is presumably his indifference to Latin that has led him to miss in the church near by one of the most interesting mural monuments to a scholar that we have ever seen. The dark inscription is shown up by an arch entirely composed of some sixty-five books of different sizes, all beautifully sculptured in stone to represent white vellum or parchment. This unique arch recalls the erudition of a Cambridge scholar, a Clare man who knew many languages and travelled much, gaining a singular wisdom thereby. He lived to be seventy but never married, and at length, says the inscription, after many journeyings he became "e viatore comprehensor". The traveller was at last the expert. It is a sentiment worth reflexion in this present age.

## TWO GREAT FAMILIES.

"Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century."

Edited by the Duke of Argyll K.T. In 2 vols.

London: Paul. 1910. 24s. net.

THESE bulky volumes are interesting as part of the domestic records of two great historic families, the Campbells and the Hamiltons. As letters they are not interesting; indeed it is astonishing how dull and prosy clever people, like the Duchess, Madame de Staël, and Lord John Campbell, can be when they sit down to write a letter. We say "the Duchess" because the central figure round which the greater part of the correspondence revolves is that famous great lady, whom Dr. Johnson wittily described as "a duchess with three tails". Elizabeth Gunning became by her first marriage Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and by her second Duchess of Argyll. Indeed, it is doubtful whether she had not a fourth tail, for the French duchy of Chatellerault is still, we believe, claimed by both Scotch and Irish Hamiltons. Besides being the wife of two Dukes, she was the mother of four, as two of her sons became Duke of Hamilton, and two Duke of Argyll. She was indeed the double-distilled quintessence of dukery, notwithstanding which she was a pattern wife, a model mother, and withal a sensible, amiable woman, with a playful humour of her own. A good deal of correspondence in the first volume is occupied with the Douglas case, one of the causes célèbres of the eighteenth century. The Duke of Douglas died without a son, and the heir would be the son of his sister, Lady Jane Stewart, and, failing him, the young Duke of Hamilton, son of the Duchess with three tails. Lady Jane brought forward a boy whom the Hamiltons declared to be the son of a French peasant. The Scotch Court of Session declared in favour of the Duke of Hamilton, but on appeal to the House of Lords this decision, at the instance of Lord Mansfield, was reversed. Boswell was briefed on the Douglas side, and in his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" he gives an amusing account how the Duchess of Argyll snubbed him cruelly when, on the Duke's invitation, Dr. Johnson and he dined at Inverary Castle, a place which extracted from the doctor the remark, "What I admire here is the total defiance of expense"! There are a great many letters about the politics of Lanarkshire, which show the infinite trouble which great families took in those days to assert and preserve their political influence. Times are changed indeed! Nowadays, if a duke wishes to return a candidate, he cannot do better than oppose him. Far the best letters in the collection are those in the second volume from Dr. Moore (the father of Sir John Moore), who was tutor to the young Duke of Hamilton, and accompanied him on the grand tour. Moore's letters from Switzerland to the Duchess about her son are full of common sense, of humour, of independence, and of knowledge of character. The young Duke's letters to his mother are also excellent. Quaintly enough, he addresses his mother as "my dearest Duchess", which the editor notes as an instance of the formal respect paid by children to parents in the eighteenth century. We should have thought it was a playfully familiar mode of address from a son to his mother. But there is humour and a certain power of sarcasm in the boy's letters, as witness the following: "I received a letter, my dear Duchess, the other post from Mr. Davidson acquainting me of Baron Mure's death, and desiring me to sign a paper by which I give full power to my guardians to give as much money as they chuse to lawyers about a cause that I know nothing about. Mr. Davidson tells me in his letter that I must sign the paper as soon as possible, that my guardians may be able to do what they please for the good of the cause. What the cause is I am totally ignorant of, excepting what I read in the newspapers about it, and I am still more ignorant of what they are going to do, which is saying a great deal; but as I suppose you know a little more of the cause than I do, and approve of my beginning a new lawsuit by never writing me a word about

the matter, I have signed the paper, much against my inclination. . . . I am not avaricious. Was I helping the poor, relieving the distressed, I should not grudge the money that was given away—on the contrary, I should receive pleasure—but to hurt myself and enrich a set of low, mercenary wretches, lawyers, whom I detest, and with reason, I think is too bad. . . . When once the lawyers get a cause into their hands, the Devil himself, tho' at the head of the band, does not know where they will carry it, tho' he has a good guess it will come to him as their chief. I had rather keep what I have than risk all for the chance of more". It is impossible not to sympathise with the young Duke's petulance; and, according to Mr. Lloyd George, lawyers have not changed much since 1776. The Hamiltons and the Campbells must have been, we think, exceptionally well educated for the time, for their letters are correctly and well expressed, whereas we find Lady Eglintoun writing to her granddaughter thus: "I find that other Pictors I had remains where they were", and the epistles of a certain royal lady would disgrace a modern housemaid in the matter of grammar and spelling. There are some ardent letters from Madame de Staël to Lord John Campbell, the grandfather of the editor, which prove that Byron was right in calling that distinguished woman a bore. The Duke of Argyll's explanatory notes are very good.

#### MR. CHESTERTON'S SIMPLICITY.

"What's Wrong with the World?" By G. K. Chesterton.  
London: Cassell. 1910. 6s. net.

MR. CHESTERTON has already dealt with his own book. It is, he tells us, shapeless and inadequate; and, towards the end, with some six pages yet to run, he pulls up to tell his readers what he has been writing about, lest "by any chance it should happen that there are still some who do not quite see". Mr. Chesterton is either extremely contemptuous of his readers or extremely confident of himself—perhaps both. My readers, he seems to argue, are out for a ramble with me, and really do not mind being lost in such good company. But he should be careful. True, he has a public that enjoys his mental horseplay. But he cannot afford to write a book with his feet on the mantelpiece, as evidently he has written this. He is less agile than he was. The clowning is still good, but he takes the hoop less cleanly.

Mr. Chesterton's most engaging quality is his extreme simplicity of mind. He always sees the obvious thing, and jumps to the obvious conclusion. That is, really, why he expresses himself so perversely. If he said the ordinary thing in the ordinary way, no one would listen. So he says the ordinary thing in an extraordinary way. To prevent his ideas passing in the crowd he dresses them extravagantly. Many of Mr. Chesterton's admirers will read this book, and enjoy the author's daring and independent thought. Strictly, there is no thought in the book a whit more daring or independent than any of the commonplaces of Hyde Park. But the Hyde Park orator uses very plain English, and Mr. Chesterton is not gifted that way. What, indeed, is wrong with the world? Plainly stated, the whole wrong is that Jones has not all that he should have. Jones, being the normal man, wants a home, a wife, some children, and a bit of property. At present he may have none of these things. His home is often a flat or a tenement; his wife is often a wage-earner; his children are not his own, for the State can have their hair cut because his wife is not permitted to keep them clean; and as for property—England is a "feudal" country, so that a poor man's back garden belongs to somebody else. What is wrong with the world is just this—that modern politics, economics and ethics all conspire to keep Jones from having what he ought to have. We know, of course, what comes next. Who is it runs this conspiracy? The answer is easy. It is the rich men. The rich men drive Jones from his home by legislation, sweat

Jones from his home by the application of economic laws, preach Jones from his home by giving him a code of submission. The diagnosis is now complete, and the remedy is plain. Abolish the rich men.

Such, briefly, is the message of this book; and most people will agree that it is the message of an extremely simple mind. We often feel that the world would have lost something if Mr. Chesterton had completed his education. The native wit which enables him so cleverly to contort his simple theses might never have had fair play. With something of real importance to say—some real contribution to make to the sum of our wisdom—he would be a sad and sober Mr. Chesterton. Instead of "What's Wrong with the World?" we might have had something more like a blue-book and less like a Comic History of Our Time. It is an arresting thought that if Mr. Chesterton had read Political Economy with a Cambridge professor, he might never have written for the "Daily News", or desired to abolish the rich. And what would have become of those entertaining excursions among Popes and Kings, Calvins and Luthers, Reformations and Revolutions, Roman Empires and Norman Conquests he so loves to make—light-hearted excursions of a boyish fancy into a fantastic world of its own? Mr. Chesterton, having missed all the schools of modern history, is free to point his simple morals with illustrations drawn from the fancied doings of mankind since the flood. With a quick eye for the obvious—for the obviously human thing and the obviously funny thing—he has frequently delighted some of us. Born clever, he has written a great deal too much. Rendered wise, he might never have written at all.

But Mr. Chesterton was happily spared. For the young he is a perilous comrade, for youth always gives to cleverness more than is due. For the wise he is an awful example of what may happen to a merely clever man. Even so, the wise can well afford to lay aside their wisdom for an hour and have a mental romp with Mr. Chesterton. "What's Wrong with the World?" is not by any means the best he can do. He will, with his feet off the mantelpiece, write many more entertaining books than this. But there are occasional good things even here. We enjoyed his fierce contempt for the anti-militarist idiot who thought little boys should not be permitted to play with tin soldiers. We enjoyed his denunciation of "compromise" and "tendency", and his paean in favour of the sharp creeds that divide men and in dividing unite them. Men may agree to differ. But

"There is nothing that so much prevents a settlement as a tangle of small surrenders. We are bewildered on every side by politicians who are in favour of secular education, but think it hopeless to work for it; who desire total prohibition, but are certain they should not demand it; who regret compulsory education, but resignedly continue it; or who want peasant proprietorship and therefore vote for something else. It is this dazed and floundering opportunism that gets in the way of everything. If our statesmen were visionaries something practical might be done. . . . If I am made to walk the plank by a pirate, it is vain for me to offer, as a common-sense compromise, to walk along the plank for a reasonable distance. It is exactly about the reasonable distance that the pirate and I differ. There is an exquisite mathematical split-second at which the plank tips up. My common sense ends just before that instant; the pirate's common sense begins just beyond it."

That is Mr. Chesterton at his best. It is all very obvious—boyishly obvious. Given a thesis of the kind, he can put it well. His mistake is to think he may treat all the intricate things of life with the same pointed assurance. When there are obvious things worth saying, Mr. Chesterton can give them just the slightly paradoxical turn which will drive them cleanly home. There are many such things for him to say, à propos of the suffrage question, about men and women in their relations to one another, and in this book he says them. To begin with, man is different from woman. Mr. Chesterton can say that a hundred times

without seeming to repeat himself. Every time it sounds like a discovery—at least to those who have not the misfortune to be already deeply read in his "philosophy". But readers who have lost the zest to admire Mr. Chesterton's startling commonplaces will have some difficulty with his new book. There are in it a few good things which to hit upon is worth a little boredom in between. But it is all much too clever; and, alas! cleverness kills wisdom. That, says Mr. Chesterton, is one of the few sad and certain things.

#### A GREEK TUPPER.

**"The Elegies of Theognis." With an Introduction, Commentary and Appendices by Professor T. Hudson-Williams. London: Bell. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.**

ENGLISH editions of the queer collection which passes under the name of Theognis have not been frequent. There have been J. H. Frere's "Theognis Restitutus", which is not less queer than the original, and Mr. Harrison's "Studies", which maintains that Theognis wrote all or nearly all the poems included in the Theognidean hotchpotch, a position more untenable than the position of those who attribute all the Pauline Epistles to S. Paul. Mr. Hudson-Williams in his very carefully noted edition, with its scholarly introduction, gives us plenty of opportunity of judging of these and other vagaries, and is indeed a little too much inclined to be shackled by them to the detriment of his own excellent judgment. Several other writers are mentioned by ancient authors as responsible for poems contained in the collection, and Mr. Harrison actually goes so far as to regard these as having been adopted by Theognis and made his own—a not very creditable operation. Several other poems, some eighteen in all, are obvious repetitions, sometimes verbally exact, of other poems in the anthology. Mr. Harrison thinks these are repetitions by Theognis of himself. He even insists that the second book of elegies, which occurs in the Mutinensian MS. only, carefully and usefully recollated by the present editor, is also the work of Theognis, and so attributes to his highly respectable author appreciative poems on a vice inter Christianos non nominandum. Professor Hudson-Williams holds that the first book is a combination of various collections, and treats the second book as a later addition. It is a curious fact that Theognis himself purports to give us a criterion by which we can distinguish his genuine work. He tells us that he is putting a *σφραγίς* on his words so that everyone may say "These are the words of Theognis of Megara". The trade-mark in question, there scarcely seems to be any reasonable doubt, is the name of Cynus, the youth to whom he addressed his virtuous precepts, in the vocative case, or in its patronymic form Polypaides, for we feel convinced that Cynus and Polypaides are the same person; indeed, once they occur in the same poem. Now anyone reading the anthology with an unbiassed mind must, we feel sure, notice the striking difference of subject and style which occurs after line 252. Up to that point the poems have all been in the same strain of virtuous exhortation and might all have been written in the sixth century. The name Cynus, or Polypaides, occurs in thirty-one out of the forty-eight poems into which the first 252 lines of the collection are at present divided, if we exclude the preliminary addresses to deities. The seventeen poems in which they do not occur can be arranged without any straining as parts of the Cynus poems which adjoin them. There seems to be little doubt, then, that these 252 lines are the Theognidean nucleus of the collection. Lines 253-4 are entirely unsuited in character to the poem to which they are annexed. Lines 255-6 might come from anyone or anywhere. Then at line 257 we find a coarse lament of a light woman. Line 261 begins the lament of a jealous lover. These two poems mark the dividing line pretty conclusively. In the succeeding poems the author appears at times as an amorist, at times as a lover of music, at times as a drinker or a drunkard, at times as

a sheer Epicurean. None of these characters seems to fit the sober mentor of Cynus. There are Cynus poems in this latter portion of the book too, some thirty-three in number, which may be by Theognis or by an imitator. On internal evidence we should attribute thirteen of these to him and nineteen of them to someone else. One even occurs in the disreputable second book, and its eroticism compels us to dissociate it from Theognis. Some ten of the poems which follow line 252 are addressed to persons other than Cynus, one of them even to a lady. There seems to be no reason for supposing that Theognis wrote any of these. In further support of our view we may point out that nearly half of the repetitions are repetitions in the second portion of the first book of lines which occur in the portion preceding line 252. This fact suggests that lines 1-252 formed a separate entity originally, and that the repetition took place before the poems which form the present collection were put together. The very existence of repetitions at all proves, pace Mr. Harrison, that the collection cannot consist of poems written by one person.

This discussion will have shown how complex the problem is and how worthy it is to occupy the attention of persons devoted to such matters. The fact that Theognis is a second-rate author does not restrain the ardour of the commentator. The study of second-rate authors is a necessary consequence of the paucity of the classical writings and the multiplicity of those whose business it is to study them. Professor Hudson-Williams' work will prove a valuable aid to those who wish to pursue the subject. It seems to contain almost everything that can be said about it, but it will be noted that we have managed to add a little more.

#### "SWORD—A GOOD SOLDIERLY WORD."

**"Cavalry in Peace and War." By General Freiherr von Bernhardt. Translated from the German by Major G. T. M. Bridges. With a Preface by General Sir J. D. P. French. London: Rees. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.**

SELDOM has a book on military training appeared at a more opportune moment. General von Bernhardt's work and Sir John French's preface together effectively, if unkindly, expose Mr. Erskine Childers and his friends' "erroneous views concerning the armament and tactics of our cavalry". "The reactionary views", says Sir John, "recently aired in England concerning cavalry will, if accepted and adopted, lead first to the deterioration and then to the collapse of the British cavalry when next called upon to fulfil its mission in war", and British officers of all arms and services are advised to read Major Bridges' excellent translation of Bernhardt's book, which will provide "a strengthening tonic for weak minds who may have allowed themselves to be impressed by these dangerous heresies".

Lord Roberts admits that he could not "follow the train of thought which insists upon cavalry requiring a 'spirit' for 'shock action' and a spirit different, it is presumed, to the soldierly spirit which it is essential for the other arms to possess". But "General Bernhardt thinks that this cavalry spirit exists, and I agree with him", says Sir John. He goes on to preach the "Army spirit", or close comradeship of all arms in battle, and then describes how the particular spirit we seek to encourage is different in each arm. Thus, the infantry want "tenacity and stiffness", whilst for the mounted arm, "mobility and the cult of the offensive are the breath of its life". He says truly that those who scoff at the spirit, whether of cavalry, of artillery, or of infantry, "are blind guides indeed". Lord Roberts invited castigation and he has got it. Sir John scoffs at "those pretentious schoolmen who see in our South African experiences, some of which they distort and many of which they forget, the acme of all military wisdom". He shows how Bernhardt gives excellent and unanswerable reasons for thinking the wars in



South Africa and Manchuria have little in common with European war. As to South Africa, Sir John gives a few of the abnormal conditions which are not likely to recur. First, the composition and tactics of the Boer forces, which were utterly unlike those of European armies. Any army that attempted to imitate the Boer method of dispersing when pressed and reuniting days or weeks later, would be disrupted and disbanded without a doubt. Secondly, the war was undertaken to effect the conquest of immense districts and there was no possible settlement save the complete submission of the Boers. Sir John French points out how Count Yorek of Wartenburg has told us that, if in 1870-71 the Germans had aimed at the absolute conquest of France, they would have failed as completely as Napoleon failed in Spain in 1807-14. The orthodox European campaign has a definite and limited objective, such as the occupation of a capital.

Next, he states truly that, owing to our defective methods, we had no trained horses to take the place of those worn out, and how, owing to the famous blunders which lost our great convoy on the Modder, our cavalry horses were on short commons and unable to gallop. Last, owing to the stupendous folly of over and over again releasing prisoners wholesale, in place of our fighting eighty-six or eighty-seven thousand men, we had, from first to last, to deal with nearly double that number.

Despite these four wide divergencies from normal war, which gave an absolutely false perspective to our operations, "We are now invited to throw away our cold steel as useless lumber, owing to some alleged failure of the cavalry in South Africa". To do this, in the opinion of Sir John and of every cavalry officer worthy of the name, is simply to "make our cavalry a prey to the first foreign cavalry that it meets".

"For good cavalry can always compel a dismounted force of mounted riflemen to mount and ride away." If in European war such mounted riflemen were to scatter, the enemy would be well pleased, for he could reconnoitre and report unhindered. French shrewdly adds: "In South Africa the mounted riflemen were the hostile army itself, when they had dispersed there was nothing left to reconnoitre; but when and where will these conditions recur?"

He instances the action of the Zand River in May 1900. It is inspiring to read that when he ordered a brigade, which had been dismounted and were being driven back by the Boer riflemen, to mount and form for attack, "all ranks were at once electrified into extraordinary enthusiasm and energy. The Boers realised what was coming. Their fire became wild and the bullets flew over our heads. Directly the advance began, the Boers hesitated and many rushed to their horses; we pressed forward with all the very moderate speed of tired horses, whereupon the whole Boer force retired in the utmost confusion and disorder, losing in a quarter of an hour more ground than they had won during three or four hours of fighting. A cavalry which could perform service like this; which held back, against great numerical odds, the Dutch forces at Colesburg; which relieved Kimberley; which directly made possible the victory of Paardeburg by enclosing Kronjé in his entrenchments; which captured Bloemfontein, Kroonstadt and Barberton, and took part successfully in all the phases of the long guerilla war and in countless drives, can afford to regard with equanimity the attack of those who have never led, trained nor understood the arm to which I am proud to belong".

Those who will compare the foregoing account of the effect of cavalry as witnessed by their intrepid leader and the description of the same action by Mr. Childers will get a good idea of this civilian's value as an authority on cavalry—also, some amusement. Sir John is particularly sound in his view of the rôle of the Cavalry Corps in future warfare, and he insists that so long as the hostile cavalry is undefeated, all the enterprises of an army must of necessity be paralysed. "The successful cavalry fight confers on the victor the command of ground just in the same way that successful naval action carries with it command at sea."—An

excellent simile. In summarising his views, he repeats his oft-expressed maxim that "the true rôle of cavalry on the battle-field is to reconnoitre, to deceive, and finally to support". Last, he deals with the vexed question of armament. A Hussar himself, he is a firm believer in the lance, and what horse-soldier who has studied warfare is not? He cites the absurd objection to that weapon based on a Boer having seen a lancer's weapon over the top of a mimosa bush thus "revealing his position to the enemy", and adds "The mere statement of this argument absolves me from the duty of replying to it". So say we. He quotes Bernhardt's dictum that "it is not a question whether cavalymen shall fight mounted or dismounted, but whether they are prepared and determined to take their share in the decision of an encounter and to employ the whole of their strength and mobility to this end". Sir John French is no blind partisan, for he says he believes that, when the enemy's cavalry are overthrown, our cavalry will use their rifles more than cold steel, and that "in the future dismounted attacks will be more frequent than charges". He is convinced that the sphere of cavalry action, so far from having been circumscribed by improved weapons, is "steadily widening", and this is also Bernhardt's view. He concludes this truly admirable preface with an appeal to our cavalry not to be misled by "appeals of ignorance to vanity", alluding to the silly school who assert that we have "nothing to learn from Europe".

Bernhardt, after discussing the effect of modern firearms and the great size of modern battle-fields, comes to the deliberate conclusion that the general value of good cavalry has increased, both as Corps Cavalry and for Divisional purposes. As to reconnaissance work, in his opinion the most important of all is that made by distant observations with the glass. As to cavalry taking prisoners, he suggests that if hostile cavalry be deprived of their horses, arms and boots they can generally be rendered harmless!

His remarks upon our widely extended turning movements in South Africa are painfully just. They were no doubt forced on us by the abnormal conditions, but he says truly that it was the Boers' clumsiness alone which made such movements possible, and that a more trained enemy would have easily anticipated our movements and punished us for our dispersion.

Bernhardt's summary of the methods of cavalry fighting in the future are worthy of the closest attention. He emphasises the fact that the "knightly cavalry combats" of the past "have become obsolete owing to the necessities of modern war". But he urges a combination of the several modes of fighting, and adds: "I am firmly convinced that the mutual relationship between the fights on foot and on horseback will give the modern cavalry combat its peculiar character". On the question of armament, he says: "It has often been proposed, and from influential quarters, to replace the cavalry sword by some kind of bayonet". (This, on the grounds that if the cavalry are to assault hostile positions they require some weapon.) "I cannot ally myself with such proposals. I would regard the abolition of the present sword as a great danger, calculated to injure seriously the morale of the cavalry. . . . The lance is an excellent weapon for the charge . . . in single combat a man needs a sword; a short bayonet can never replace this, and a compromise between a bayonet and a sword would be of little service. If the sword be taken away from the cavalry soldier he will be rendered in many cases weaponless." Finally, Bernhardt asks for more and yet more cavalry, because the value of the arm when handled according to modern ideas has increased, and will increase.

#### SEE HOUSES.

"English Episcopal Palaces." Edited by R. S. Rait. London: Constable. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS volume deals with a subject of especial interest to Churchmen, the history of the English episcopal palaces of the province of Canterbury; we say English, for the history of the palaces of the Welsh

dioceses, all of which are in the province of Canterbury, forms no part of it. The book owes its inspiration, we are told, to the "Victoria History of the Counties of England". "The plan and scope of that great work", says our editor, "prevents its writers from availing themselves of much of the interesting material which their researches discover. The authors of this book have taken the opportunity of presenting in popular form the results of investigation into the lighter side of history." In the main a singularly interesting volume has been produced. Unfortunately the editor has allowed certain (not all) of his contributors occasionally to use the words "Protestant" and "Catholic" in a way that will give just offence to most Churchmen. In several places the word "Catholic" is used as equivalent to Roman Catholic, while the word "Protestant" is employed not only to describe the "Church of England", but even the Prayer-book services. Parker, we are told, was the "first Archbishop to be consecrated according to the Protestant rite". The editor should surely have known that the persons to whom the volume would naturally most appeal would be historically minded Church-people: in other words, the very people who will most strongly resent words which, if they mean anything, mean that the Church of England is a Protestant sect set up by statute law at the Reformation. The insult is the more inexcusable as, if the writers or editor wished to save Roman Catholic susceptibilities, they could have effected their purpose without offending Churchmen. It would only have been necessary to use the neutral term "Anglican".

The first chapter is concerned with the abodes of the Archbishops of Canterbury other than Lambeth, and the houses of the Bishops of Rochester, Lichfield, Worcester, Chichester, Salisbury, Exeter, Ely, Gloucester, Bristol, Peterborough and Oxford. The materials for the history of these places appear to be somewhat meagre. The Canterbury palace of the Archbishops, of which only the gatehouse redolent of S. Thomas' martyrdom survives, remained a state residence of the Primates until it perished in the Civil War. The Croydon district, however, has until recent years been the favourite holiday resort of the Primates of all England. Few realised when some years ago Addington was sold, that the Archbishops had severed a connexion which was as old as the Conquest. The manor of Croydon belonged to Lanfranc, and Croydon Palace was often the summer home of his successors from Kilwardby (here probably by a printer's error called Kilwardy) in 1273 to Herring in 1747. When Croydon was no longer available as a rural retreat Archbishop Manners Sutton purchased a house in the fields hard by at Addington, and here the Victorian Archbishops of Canterbury slept their last sleep, until, at the death of Archbishop Benson, the custom abandoned after the funeral of Cardinal Pole was revived and the successor of S. Augustine was again laid to rest in his cathedral church. The history of the See Houses of the other Bishoprics that we have mentioned brings home two facts: that from the thirteenth century the problem of dilapidations has always been a thorn in the flesh to the episcopate, and that the episcopal possessions were heavily reduced by the Tudor policy of grab. Thus in 1551 Miles Coverdale found on his appointment to the See of Exeter, in pre-Reformation days one of the richest of the English Bishoprics, "the bones" "so clean picked that he could not easily leave them with less flesh than he found upon them". It is, however, foolish to make out Tudor sovereigns greater thieves than they actually were, and it is irritating to find here given as an authentic letter of Queen Elizabeth the ridiculous forgery: "Proud Prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are. If you do not instantly comply, by G— I will unfrock you", which, as Bishop Creighton showed, first saw light in the "Gentleman's Magazine" a hundred years ago. The remainder of the volume contains lengthy chapters devoted to the palaces of Lambeth and Fulham, the castle of Farnham, and the palaces of Norwich, Hereford, and Wells. All are well done, and the authors

have collected a good deal of interesting gossip, especially about Tudor and Stuart days. Thus in the history of Fulham there is some interesting chat about old Bonner who is sympathetically depicted, and the quarrel between Queen Elizabeth and Bishop Aylmer over the felling of the pollards, "doated and decayed at the top", is well told. Perhaps, however, the chapter on Hereford Palace is the best in the book. The author realises that the Bishop of Hereford was the great feudal lord of a garrison town on the marches, and, like other feudal lords, was often on bad terms with his burghers. She, however, is mistaken when she speaks of Bishop Giles de Bruce as a mere name. Giles de Braose (to give him his correct designation) played a part in the struggle with John, of whose tyranny his parents were the victims. His mother has given to the towers of Windsor Castle their most terrible tragedy.

#### NOVELS.

"A Pilgrimage of Truth." By D. G. Peto. London: Smith, Elder. 1910. 6s.

They were two young naval lieutenants and Miss Frances Travers and her brother Bobby the midshipman; and in Chapter I. they were all cast away in an extraordinary hurricane on the West Coast of Morocco, clinging to a deck seat. That the schooner yacht from which they were swept may run before the storm and retire safely from the story, Mr. Peto makes his hurricane come from due south, and explains that the coast runs "rather east of north". Yet he keeps a lee-shore for the deck-seat. The subsequent adventures of the quartette in the desert and in the fastness of an Arab brigand, by whom they are captured, maintain a similar level of skill in surprising the reader. But how small are bare questions of probability compared with the noble attitude of these young people confronted by Hassan's offer of freedom at the price of telling a fib!

"Red Tape." By Austin Philips. London: Smith Elder. 1910. 6s.

The Post Office, ever since the days of Trollope, has possessed more than a proportionate share of literary men; but they have seldom chosen official life as their theme. Trollope's own parsons are better than his Civil Servants, and "The Three Clerks" owes its survival rather to its monopoly of its subject than to its merits. Mr. Philips has given a Civil Service setting to several stories which, but for the sake of uniformity, would have done equally well in any other milieu; these include one or two ghost stories. But he describes the ambitions and disappointments of minor officials with humour as well as sympathy, and he evidently knows his ground thoroughly. We have enjoyed his story of the mandarin whose dull book was represented to him as eagerly discussed at the Savage Club by a lower-division clerk who had achieved a reputation as a story-writer, but coveted official advancement. And there is an excellent yarn of a drunken postman to whom his deluded fellow-townsmen erected a monument as to a hero and martyr.

"The Professional Aunt." By Mrs. George Wemyss. London: Constable. 1910. 5s.

The naïve irreverence of children bulks very large in this book, and we suspect the genuineness of some of their distortions of Bible lore. But the author has a keen eye for the wrong kind of mother and the right kind. On such matters as the coolness of country cousins in asking women in London to go seven miles to buy fourpence-halfpenny-worth of ribbon and send it by return of post, she shows that she is in touch with the realities which make life what it is. The book is lively and amusing, and some of the children are very pleasant young people.

"Outland." By Gordon Stairs. London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

Mona had always felt that there was "a reality behind that sense of presence in the woods", and so,

because Herman scoffed at the idea, she got herself captured by the Outliers, the woodland people whom ordinary housefolk cannot see, and who dwell in the dream-country of Outland. Herman was a professor of sociology, and altogether a superior (and ordinary) person; but, nevertheless, he followed the trail past Broken Tree, that leads to Outland, and joined her. From the time the first spray of lilac was blossoming until all the slopes were blue with them (sic) the twain sojourned with the Outliers. Herman remarked, as the woodfolk sped their parting prisoners back to Broken Tree and wished them Good Friending, that the period had been a long one, and certainly it seems so to the reader. Herman, however, was referring to subjective changes apparently due to living during his stay in more intimate relation to Nature. The manner of this idyllic narrative is throughout rather involved and affected, whereas, to be effective, it should have been simple; and we really think Mona might have cured Herman of his priggishness and his objection to demonstrative love-making by some less roundabout process.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"Leigh Hunt." By Barnette Miller. London: Macmillan. 1910. 8s. net.

This might be called a domestic study of the Cockney School, for it deals with the relations of Leigh Hunt with Keats, Byron, Shelley, and, incidentally, with other members of the group. The friendship of Leigh Hunt and Keats began with the veneration of the younger poet for the elder—a veneration that did Keats little good. Hunt's influence was one of the evil things that Keats barely had time to outgrow. Leigh Hunt and Shelley came closer to one another than did Keats and Leigh Hunt. Hunt's sympathy with Shelley was more intellectual than artistic. Political and religious convictions brought them together at the first, and they were better friends. When Keats won free of Hunt's poetic influence he unconsciously resented the ill it had done him, and actually complained of the way Hunt patronised his later work. Leigh Hunt and Byron were never friends in a real sense. The tie was always slender, and Byron's disastrous venture with the "Liberal" was more than enough to break it. Byron would probably never have admired Hunt in the ordinary way. But Hunt had been put into prison for libel, which made all the difference. Mr. Miller's competent monograph on the relations of the three poets has been crowned by Columbia University as a "contribution to knowledge worthy of publication". At any rate, there are some fresh points of view, and a new arrangement of much that is old.

"The Sculptured Tombs of the Fifteenth Century in Rome." By Gerald S. Davies. London: Murray. 1910. 21s. net.

This volume is of noble appearance. Moreover, the Master of Charterhouse has produced a useful, sound, and scholarly work on a great and fascinating subject. He writes well, his English being that of a cultivated man, without a trace of the affectations into which men of culture of the vainer sort so easily fall. The book is extraordinarily accurate; throughout we feel that the master is master of his subject; venial slips are of the fewest, and will by this time have been discovered by the writer, but we account it a mortal trespass to disfigure the noble name of Cibo again and again with a grave accent. The judgments are serene and impartial, for Mr. Davies has no axe to grind. The first part deals with the artists and with some important tombs from the artistic and archaeological point of view; also incidentally with the lives of some of the greater dead. Part II. contains an account of the principal sculptured tombs of Rome (1100-1500), arranged under churches alphabetically, with brief biographical notices of the illustrious dead. This part forms a manual which will greatly add to the delight and interest of visits to the churches in Rome. But we are amazed to find that Mr. Davies has reproduced the inscriptions in some few cases only, and then not always completely. This most necessary information, which the student will look for as a matter of course, would have trebled the archaeological value of the book. And the worst of it is that we feel sure that the master has copied all the inscriptions conscientiously and at great labour, and that they lie in good order in his portfolios, instead of being here displayed for the delectation and use of other students. There are eighty-eight illustrations of tombs from photographs. We do not remember to have seen photographs more finely reproduced, and from them the student can at least copy some of the inscriptions for himself.

"Chronicles of Theberton." By Henry Montagu Doughty. London: Macmillan. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

Professor T. Skeat writes an introduction and some notes for these chronicles of a Suffolk village, and we are reminded thereby of the appeal which scholars have made to men in the position of Mr. Doughty to write the histories of their villages or parishes. Mr. Doughty is the lord of the manor of Theberton, which has been in his family over a hundred years; so that, given the inclination and the necessary industry and skill to go through and understand the old documents, neither being a small matter, Mr. Doughty was in a favourable position to be a good local historian. As he fulfils all these conditions, he has written a model local history. The manor is found in Domesday Book, and Mr. Doughty follows the course of its ecclesiastical and secular affairs for eight hundred years, its changing classes, customs, and modes of living. It is the concentration of the nation's life, the essential history of the people, in a small area. And, of course, there is the something more—the original characteristic flavour of the soil and the people, and their speech and peculiarities, the local atmosphere which produces the local patriotism. With all this Mr. Doughty is deeply imbued, and if we have implied that his book is historically informative, we must above all point out that it is humanly Suffolk.

"Back to the Land: a Medley." By C. London: Longmans, Green. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

The first thing to remark about this book is that it is in no sense a serious treatment of the land question in any aspect. Two people are concerned in the concoction of this medley: a man and wife, who appear to think, for some reason, that there is a public sufficiently interested in their personalities to read with pleasure an account of their real or alleged experiences in search of a small country estate, and to penetrate their disguise as the authors. As to this we know nothing; and on the strength of the book itself have no particular curiosity. Its material is not better than the common light sketches of the evening papers with the obvious subjects for comment or humour that might be met with or imagined on such a tour as is to be here supposed; and we suspect some of them to be old stories refurbished when the actual incidents ran out. The best of it is some quite nice verses, "New Men and Old Acres", on the very first page, with the usual gentle sentiment about the passing away from the countryside of the old families and houses. But though the book has no literary or other actual value, it is sufficiently amusing to read if one comes across it.

"Converts to Rome." Edited by W. Gordon Gorman. New and Enlarged Edition. London: Sands. 1910.

"With the bigot the author has no concern." Whether the editor (we do not see much room for authorship in compiling a list) classes the SATURDAY REVIEW as "bigot" we do not know and perhaps we do not greatly care. But no one who knows much will put down to Protestant prejudice our describing this publication as an aggressive and vainglorious challenge. The idea of course is to represent that the tide is flowing toward the Church of Rome, and so to catch the man and the woman who like to be on the winning side. It is a cheap device. Does the editor think that it would be difficult to compile a prodigious list of converts from the Roman Church to agnosticism? Roman controversialists should not carry their provocation of Anglican Catholicism too far. A Church that has decayed in the strongholds—apparently dying in France, decadent in Spain, paganised in Italy—should be careful. It cannot afford to throw stones—it is intellectually too weak.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Juillet.

This number contains an article singularly à propos of what was written in the SATURDAY REVIEW a week or two ago regarding the States of Spanish South America. The writer, M. Henri Lorin, points out for the benefit of French readers, as we have endeavoured to do for English, that it is a monstrous anachronism to speak of the principal Spanish American States as if they were merely the abode of a crowd of cutthroats. In every way they keep in touch with Latin Europe. This, of course, is a misnomer, but in other respects the author rightly makes clear that the civilisation of the upper classes is equal to that of Europe. In literature, art, and science their standard is of a high order. As to relations with Spain, they are now of the best, Argentina has even struck out of its national hymn two lines calculated to give offence to the mother-country. This is strong evidence that it is not to the United States that Spanish America looks as its representative. The Republics which enjoy a temperate climate are setting the example of order which others will follow. Of course a really united Spanish America would have no need of Yankee patronage. This evolution will, the writer thinks, be certain to come in time.



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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded, and, no questions being asked or comments made, the resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

Mr. Gustav Tuck moved the re-election of Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. A. Parsons, A.R.A., as directors, the motion being seconded by Mr. Reginald Tuck and carried unanimously. A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the meeting.

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THE Statutory Meeting of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, Mr. Edward Thomas Boxall (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Francis S. Keane) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' certificate,

The Chairman said the transfer of the property had taken place and they had an absolutely unassailable title. The Galician oilfields had not hitherto held that prominent position with English investors that their merits deserved, but during the past twelve months several strong financial groups in England had been negotiating for the acquisition of oil properties there. A notable cause of this activity was the serious interest that had been taken by the Austrian Government, who were doing everything possible to assist those engaged in the industry. The Austrian Government had invested more than one million sterling in the equipment of stores and the building of a benzine factory, and they had adopted locomotive fuel on the railways. It was hoped that a mutually satisfactory arrangement with regard to the competition of a certain company would be arrived at, which would place the oil industry on a more profitable footing, both as regarded refiners and crude oil producers. He believed the time would come when the large navies of the world would consider seriously the use of oil fuel. He was pleased to inform the shareholders that the present earnings of the company, with the production from their own properties, taking the price of crude oil at 3 kr. per 100 ks., were at the rate of between £70,000 and £80,000 per annum, which he thought might be considered a not altogether unsatisfactory state of things, especially when they remembered that they had three wells which were just on the point of production, and any one of which might produce immediately a quantity equal to that now being produced at the other wells, in which case the profits of the company would be enormously increased. Summarising the particulars he had put before them, he said: "It will be seen that the company possesses very valuable properties and which eight wells have been sunk, three of which are producing sufficient oil to show a most excellent return on the capital invested, three have almost reached the producing stage, and two may be expected to have a production when the necessary depth has been reached. The company possesses a private pipe-line of its own, which conveys the oil produced at our wells direct to the station at Boryslaw at much reduced cost than if we had to pipe through one of the pipe-line companies. In addition to these assets, the company holds land in the best part of the district sufficient to allow for nearly thirty additional wells being sunk. We have a Government entirely sympathetic with the industry and a geographical position second to none for the most convenient distribution of the oil to the various markets of the world, besides a strong protective tariff and preferential railway rates, which prohibit outside competition in the home market; and as the tax is rebated on all oil exported, it forms a strong encouragement for the development of this branch of the industry. I think, in view of these facts, which I have put before you this morning, the shareholders may be congratulated on possessing a business which at the present time shows such excellent results, with such very brilliant prospects before it."

After a short discussion, a vote of thanks to the Chairman ended the proceedings.

## THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

THE Twenty-third Annual General Meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Limited, was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., on Thursday, Mr. P. F. Feeny, J.P., presiding in the absence of the Chairman, Mr. C. Threlfall, J.P.

The Secretary having read the notice convening the meeting, and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: Had it not been for the excessive additional taxation imposed upon the trade by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I should to-day have been able to submit to you a most gratifying record of our business for the year ended 30 June, 1910. Treating our accounts in the same manner as in preceding years, our profit from trading account shows £173,142 13s. 9d., being an increase of £1547 3s. 1d. on 1909. We have written off for depreciation £25,615 4s. 9d., against £25,239 3s., and we are carrying forward the substantial sum of £57,759 19s. 2d. Although we have actually made a profit sufficient to enable us to recommend a larger dividend than we did last year, we unfortunately are precluded from doing so owing to this cruel and unjust taxation. The additional burden, apart from what we already contribute to the Imperial and local authorities, will mean an extra charge to this Company of £25,820 per annum, and it being retrospective as from October 1909 we are obliged to make provision for three-fourths of it out of this year's profits. When our accounts were made up we had not received the demand notes, and we have therefore had to make a special item to the debit of our profit and loss account of £19,500, being the sum required to 30 June, the end of our financial year. It is a source of satisfaction to me to report that our sales of beer have increased, but there has been a continued falling-off in the wine and spirit department. The Chairman, in the course of his remarks last year, said the time was not far distant when we should take into consideration, in the best interest of the Company, the advisability of issuing the balance of our share capital. After very careful consideration your directors decided, in February, to offer these shares at par to the existing shareholders. The ordinary shares were over-subscribed, and when we had received applications for 50,000 of the preference shares we closed the list. You will notice that in our balance-sheet there is the sum of £2,580 for calls unpaid at 30th inst., but these have since been paid. Now I wish to specially bring the following paragraph before you, viz.: That the whole of this issue was made without any cost to the company for commission, the only expense being for professional charges, printing, and stamps. The proceeds of the issue have been applied in paying off the temporary loan we obtained from our bankers, when, you will remember, we purchased a large number of valuable licensed houses *en bloc*. The trade of these houses, notwithstanding depression and other difficulties, has materially increased, so I am sure you will agree with me that it was a most desirable purchase. The item loan from bank, £97,415, therefore disappears altogether from the balance sheet. We have without doubt passed through a very anxious year, but I am pleased to say that there are signs of a revival in trade generally, from which we, in common with other companies, should reap a benefit. You can rest assured your directors will be on the alert to see that you get full advantage of the benefits which must accrue as a result of better times. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the year, and a proportionate dividend at the same rates on the new shares.

Mr. George Barker seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The formal business was transacted.

## RAND MINES, LIMITED.

Dividend No. 14.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment, on or after Thursday, 11th August, 1910, of Dividend No. 14 (110 % *i.e.* 5s. 6d. per 5s. share), after surrender of Coupon No. 14, at the London Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., to the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taibout, Paris, or to the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to a deduction by the London Office of English Income Tax at the rate of 1s. 2d. in the pound.

All Coupons presented at the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, Paris, as well as any presented at the London Office for account of holders resident in France, will be subject to a deduction of 1s. 2d. in the pound on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

All Coupons presented at the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels, must be accompanied by Affidavits or Statutory Declarations on forms obtainable from the Company's London Office or from the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles declaring the full name and residence of the owner of the Share Warrants from which such Coupons have been detached.

Coupons must be left four clear days for examination at any of the Offices mentioned above, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2.

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